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PERSONAL NARRATIVE

OF THE

"IRISH REBELLION"

OF 1798.

BY

CHARLES HAMILTON TEELING.

"Rebellion! foul dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained—
How many a spirit born to bless,
Has sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's—an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame."

MOORE.

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TO MY WIFE AND MY CHILDREN,

AT WHOSE REQUEST SOLELY IT HAS BEEN UNDERTAKEN,

I DEDICATE THIS NARRATIVE.

RESPECTED AND BELOVED, THEY ARE ENTITLED TO

THIS MARK OF MY REMEMBRANCE,

THE ONLY INHERITANCE

WHICH THE ENEMIES OF MY COUNTRY HAVE LEFT

ME TO BEQUEATH.



TAGE,

CHARLES H. TEELING.

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INTRODUCTION.

The following sketch of interesting events connected with the fate of an unfortunate country, with the history of which the writer has been but too familiar, formed the amusement of a solitary hour, when the mind, feeling a melancholy consolation in retracing the scenes of the past, was animated with the desire of conveying a lesson for the future, and rescuing from misrepresentation the memory of men whose virtues will live when the names of their oppressors shall be forgotten.

If the scenes of the past as they float on the memory are recorded with brevity, it is that they may be as simple as they are sincere. They will be recognized by some, the few survivors of their country's misfortunes, who have shared in her calamities but not disgraced her cause, and they will be perused by those for whose instruc-

tion they were intended with feelings of filial attachment and national respect.

The present state of Ireland bears so strongly on the past, that in delineating the one we seem to portray the character of both. Proud in her sons and rich in her soil, Ireland seemed destined by Nature to hold an imposing station on the chart of the world. Whether for the more peaceful pursuits of commerce or the boisterous scenes of war, Nature was lavish in the gifts which afforded facilities for both; while the genius of her people, corresponding with the fertility of her soil, appeared formed for every pursuit where science or glory might lead. I pass over the days of Ireland's ancient greatness,—proud but painful the remembrance,—and if I trace her present wrongs, it is neither to irritate feelings perhaps too susceptible, nor to widen the breach which those wrongs have extended, to the ruin of domestic peace and the brightest prospect of national independence.

Amid what may be termed the modern revolutions of the world, Ireland stands pre-eminent; alike conspicuous in her sufferings and her virtues;—her devoted attachment to the faith of her ancestors, her unshaken fidelity, and unconquerable love of freedom. Neither the invidious policy of her new masters in their

cautious exclusion of the natives from every station of emolument or honour, the degradation of the noble, and the exaltation of the mean; neither the base excitements to domestic fraud, with the alluring boon for filial impiety *, nor the barbarous enactments to impede the expansion of the human mind and check the progress of the human race; neither, nor any of these measures were successful in the policy designed; for the Omnipotent hand which chastened the fallen supported the weak, gave energy to the feeble, roused the spirit which oppression would have laid, and extending with increasing numbers intellectual wisdom, imbued the opening mind with the rays of hope, and breathed courage and confidence to a desponding people. Such a phenomenon in the political world could not have escaped the observation of the more reflecting portion of mankind, and especially of that portion which had been rendered dissatisfied by recent attempts to abridge their civil rights through the corrupt and increasing influence of ministerial power. Add to these the excitement of popular feeling, roused by the widely spreading sentiments of freedom which, having successfully struggled in the new world,

* See enactments of the Penal Code.

now burst with irresistible force upon the old, and swept like a torrent every barrier opposed to its impetuous career.

The inhabitants of Ireland had been unhappily divided, and it was the policy of those who governed to encourage that division, and to weaken by intestine strife; but as the common wrongs of the people required a common co-operation of resistance, the evils which they had to contend with could only be successfully opposed by the united efforts of all.

That illustrious band of citizens, the Irish volunteers, who had first embodied themselves to repel foreign invasion, and in the hour of England's weakness presented a powerful host to support her throne, had become an object of jealousy and alarm: their services were no longer required; their generous conduct in the day of peril was forgotten, and the arms which had protected her coast and secured her throne were wrested from the hands that had borne them with triumph. England was strong, and Ireland was no longer wanting to her safety:—hence the monopoly of the one viewed with alarm the increasing strength of the other, which by the growing union of the people was rapidly advancing. The old motto was again revived, and "Divide, et impera" reprinted in

characters too obvious to be mistaken. Thus was Ireland again doomed to the influence of that fatal policy from which she had been just emerging, and which had long warred against her happiness and peace; but the blow was struck, and this last act of national insult only served to enkindle a fire which the hand of oppression soon fanned into a flame.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE

OF THE

"IRISH REBELLION."

CHAPTER I.

National Indignation on the Removal of Lord Fitzwilliam from the Administration of Ireland—Opinions of Mr. Grattan—Persecutions in Armagh—Lord Gosford—Rapid Progress of the United Irish Societies.

It is not my present intention to enter into a minute detail of the rise and progress of the United Irish Societies. The political measures connected with those societies, and the eventful consequences which followed their suppression, have long been before the public eye, and form a leading feature in Irish history for the last thirty years. My object is chiefly the recital of those occurrences which I myself have witnessed; and though they may not perhaps appear important in the detail, they are connected with a period the most eventful in the annals

of my country, and which a life, chequered with a variety of fortune, has afforded me but too many opportunities of recording.

Prior to Lord Fitzwilliam's appointment to the government of Ireland, in 1795, the United Irish Societies, though progressive, had been slow in march, and comparatively limited in numbers; but on the removal of that popular viceroy, and the nomination of Lord Camden as his successor, the system immediately assumed a more general and imposing appearance. The wise and conciliatory measures of Lord Fitzwilliam, and the character of the men who were associated with him in office, had tended to raise hopes and confidence in the Irish mind, which, elevated to the highest point of expectancy, was as rapidly depressed by his recal; and, generally speaking, every county, city, and town in Ireland, expressed in public meeting, and in the undisguised language of the heart, the most poignant regret at the removal of the one viceroy, and the most gloomy forebodings on the appointment of the other *.

* "March 28th.—This day was observed as a day of *national mourning* by the inhabitants of this town (Belfast), on account of Lord Fitzwilliam's departure. There was not a shop or counting-house open during the whole day;—all was one scene of *sullen indignation*." NORTHERN STAR.

I was present at a meeting of the freeholders of Antrim, convened on this occasion. It was one of the most imposing scenes ever witnessed in our county. Presbyterian, Catholic, and Protestant, all felt alike interested in the approaching fate of their country, and all were equally indignant at the national insult which had been offered. One feeling pervaded the whole assembly: it was a feeling of sorrow and deep indignation. The judges of assize had opened their commission at Carrickfergus, and were proceeding on the business of the county, when the meeting of the freeholders was announced. In a moment the court-house was deserted; the entire grand jury quitted their chamber, and proceeded in a body to join the freeholders, and unite with their countrymen in a manly and dignified expression of national feeling.

Such was the general sentiment expressed throughout Ireland on this occasion. I have selected the eloquent and energetic reply of Mr. Grattan to the address of the Catholics of Dublin presented to him on the 14th of March, 1795, which excited a considerable sensation at that period:—

"In supporting you," said Mr. Grattan, "I support the Protestant: we have but one inter-

est and one honour; and whoever gives privileges to you gives vigour to all. The Protestant already begins to perceive it; a late attack has rallied the scattered spirits of the country from the folly of religious schism to the recollection of national honour, and a nation's feuds are lost in a nation's resentment. Your emancipation *will* pass:—rely on it your emancipation *must* pass. It may be death to one viceroy—it will be the peace-offering of another: and the laurel may be torn from the dead brow of one governor, to be craftily converted into the olive of his successor.

"Let me advise you by no means to postpone the consideration of your fortunes till after the war: rather let Britain receive the benefit of your zeal during the exigency which demands it; and you yourselves, while you are fighting to preserve the blessings of a constitution, have really and *bonâ fide* those blessings. My wish is that you should be free *now*; there is no other policy which is not low and little. Let us at once *instantly embrace*, and *greatly emancipate*. On this principle I mean to introduce your Bill, with your permission, immediately after the recess.

"You are pleased to speak of the confidence and power with which, for a moment, I was

supposed to have been possessed.—When his Majesty's ministers were pleased to resort to our support, they took us with the incumbrance of our reputation, and with all our debts and mortgages which we owed to our country. To have accepted a share of confidence and council, without a view to private advantage, will not meet, I hope, the disapprobation of my country; but to have accepted that share without any view to public advantage, would have been refinement on the folly of ambition. Measures, therefore, public measures and arrangements, and that which is now disputed, were stipulated by us; were promised in one quarter, and, with assurances, they were not resisted in another.

"In the service of government, under his Excellency's administration, we directed our attention to two great objects—the kingdom and the empire. We obtained certain beneficial laws; the discovery and reformation of certain abuses, and were in progress to reform more—we obtained a great force, and a great supply, with the consent and confidence of the people. These were not the measures of courtiers, they were the measures of ministers.

"His Excellency Lord Fitzwilliam may boast that he offered to the empire the affections of

millions; a better aid to the war than his enemies can furnish, who have forfeited those affections, and put themselves in their place! So decidedly have the measures of Ireland served the empire, that those who were concerned in them might appeal from the cabals of the British cabinet to the sense of the British nation. I know of no cause afforded for the displeasure of the English cabinet; but if services done to Ireland are crimes which cannot be atoned for by exertions for the empire, I must lament the gloomy prospects of both kingdoms, and receive a discharge from the service of government, as the only honour an English minister can confer on an Irish subject.

"I conceive the continuance of Lord Fitzwilliam as necessary for the prosperity of this kingdom: his firm integrity is formed to correct, his mild manners to reconcile, and his private example to discountenance a progress of vulgar and rapid pollution;—if he is to retire, I condole with my country. For myself, the pangs on that occasion I should feel, on rendering up my small portion of ministerial breath, would be little, were it not for the gloomy prospects afforded by those dreadful guardians who are likely to succeed. I tremble at the return to power of your old task-masters; that

combination which galled the country with its tyranny, insulted her by its manners, exhausted her by its rapacity, and slandered her by its malice. Should such a combination, at once inflamed as it must be now by the favour of the British court, and by the reprobation of the Irish people, return to power, I have no hesitation to say, that they will *extinguish Ireland*, or Ireland *must remove them*: it is not your cause only, but that of the nation. I find the country already *committed* in the struggle: I beg to be *committed along with her, and to abide the issue of her fortunes.*

"I should have expected that there had been a wisdom and faith in some quarter of another country, that would have prevented such catastrophe; but I know it is no proof of that wisdom, to take the taxes, continue the abuses, damp the zeal, and dash away the affections of so important a member of the empire as the people of Ireland; and when this country came forward, cordial and confident, with the offering of her treasure and blood, and resolute to stand or fall with the British nation,—it is, I say, no proof of wisdom or generosity to select that moment to plant a dagger in her heart. But whatsoever shall be the event, I will adhere to her interests to the *last moment of my life.*"

The prophetic fears of Grattan were but too fully verified, for Ireland was soon "*extinguished*" as a nation. The disappointed hopes of the people, their despair of legislative redress, the insulting severity of the Camden administration, the cruel and wanton religious persecutions of Armagh, where 10,000 unoffending Catholic inhabitants were driven from their homes, at the point of the bayonet or by the torch of the incendiary, and this barbarous proscription, if not encouraged, at least not opposed by the government or local authorities,—first led the inhabitants of Ulster into a *general* association for self-defence.

The following quotations from the speech of Lord Gosford, governor of the county of Armagh, at a meeting of magistrates assembled there on the 28th of December, 1795, will describe the situation of that unfortunate country, in language much more impressive than any I can command:—

"It is no secret, that a persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty, which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity, is now raging in this county; neither age nor sex, &c., is sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection. The only crime which the wretched objects of this

ruthless persecution are charged with, is a crime indeed of easy proof; it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith, or an intimate connexion with a person professing this faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency, and the sentence they have denounced is equally concise and terrible—it is nothing less than a confiscation of *all property*, and an *immediate banishment*. It would be extremely painful, and surely unnecessary, to detail the horrors that attend the execution of so rude and tremendous a proscription,—a proscription that certainly exceeds, in the comparative number of those it consigns to ruin and misery, every example that ancient or modern history can supply; for when have we heard, or in what story of human cruelties have we read, of *more than half the inhabitants of a populous country* deprived at one blow of the means, as well as the fruits of their industry, and driven, in the midst of an inclement season, to seek a shelter for themselves and their helpless families where chance may guide them. This is no exaggerated picture of the horrid scenes now acting in this county, yet surely it is sufficient to awaken sentiments of indignation and compassion in the coldest bosoms. These horrors are now acting

with *impunity*; the spirit of impartial justice (without which law is nothing better than an instrument of tyranny) has for a time disappeared in this county, and the supineness of the magistracy of Armagh is become a common topic of conversation in every corner of the kingdom.

"I am," said his lordship, "as true a Protestant as any gentleman in this room. I inherit a property which my family derived under a Protestant title, and with the blessing of God I will maintain that title to the utmost of my power. I will never consent to make a sacrifice of Protestant ascendancy to Catholic claims, with whatever menace they may be urged, or however speciously or invidiously supported. Conscious of my sincerity in this public declaration, which I do not make unadvisedly, but as the result of mature deliberation, I defy the paltry insinuations that malice or party spirit may suggest. I know my own heart, and I should despise myself if, under *any intimidation*, I could close my eyes against such scenes as present themselves on every side, or my ears against the complaints of a *persecuted people*."

Lord Gosford was one of the most extensive land proprietors in Ulster. His loyalty no man will presume to impeach, and his candid exposé

of the Orange atrocities in Armagh, the most devoted partisan of the cause has never dared to question. All the foregoing circumstances combined had a powerful effect in alienating the minds of the people from every feeling of confidence and every hope of justice from the government of the country, and the numbers of United Irishmen hourly increased, until nearly the whole active population was committed in this universal Association. It was impossible to resist the national impulse; the most elevated in rank and fortune embraced the system, and some of those, who have since held confidential situations in the state, boasting their exclusive loyalty to the throne, were, at that period, amongst the most zealous supporters of "*Union and Truth.*"*

Every measure that could tend to expand the system, or to rouse the national feeling, was called into action. Green, the national colour, and as the venerable Betagh termed it, "the fancy colour of the Deity," was almost universally worn; few appeared without this badge of national distinction. The drooping manufactures of the country were for a moment revived, and the velvet of Genoa and the silks of Florence were rivalled through the improved taste of

* The motto, or countersign, of the United Irish Societies.

the Dublin artist, whose looms, though now unemployed, were, at that period, barely sufficient for the domestic consumption. A green velvet stock, or a silk robe, with a shamrock device, were the emblems of national feeling; and the former was not unfrequently presented to the youthful patriot by the fair daughter of Erin, as the pledge of a more tender regard. The enthusiasm of the females even exceeded the ardour of the men; in many of the higher circles, and in all the rustic festivities, *that* youth met a cold and forbidding reception from the partner of his choice, who, either from apathy or timidity, had not yet subscribed to the test of union.

As the vigilance of government increased, and the system of union became more pregnant with danger (for the insurrection act had now attached to it the penalty of death), the exertions of the people were redoubled. Music, to which the Irish are so peculiarly attached, and which, if I may use the expression, speaks the native language of their soul, was most successfully resorted to on this occasion; and the popular songs* of the day, suited to the temper of the times, were admirably calculated to rouse the national spirit, and elevate the mind to a

* See Appendix.

contempt of danger and the most enthusiastic feelings which love of liberty and of country could inspire. No wonder, then, that the system of union became formidable, and that public sympathy for those who suffered in the cause was general and sincere; while the man, who with firmness encountered the privations of a prison, was regarded as a martyr to truth and the liberties of his country. Of this number, young and enthusiastic, it was my fortune to be one. Educated in the province of Ulster, I imbibed early sentiments of independence, which, though they have marred my best prospects in life, and entailed misfortunes incalculable on my family, I trust I shall never abandon. Fox, Grattan, Curran, and the illustrious patriots of their day, have lived in vain, if the present generation of Irishmen should blush to avow the sentiments which they maintained. Had my mind been ambitious, few of my contemporaries had fairer prospects of advancement; but I preferred Ireland, in her poverty and distress, to the splendour which is wrung from her miseries and misfortunes; and whether in the dungeon or on the mountain's heath, I never envied the feelings of the man who owed his fortune or his safety to the abandonment of her cause.

CHAPTER II.

Arrests in Ulster—Lord Castlereagh.

It was in the autumn of the year 1796 that government commenced active operations against the United Irish Societies, by the arrest of those men who were either considered the decided partisans of the cause, or suspected of being favourable to the system of union. The principal performer in this scene was, of all men, the last who could have been supposed ambitious of exhibiting in such a character. A man whose influence and example had so powerful an effect in rallying the youth of his native province, that all seemed proud to emulate the virtues which had elevated him to a distinguished situation, through the confidence and partiality of his countrymen. Strange indeed that Lord Castlereagh should have been the selected tool of the Camden administration, to drag the companions of his youth, and the early associates of his political fame, from the peaceful

bosom of their families to the horrors of an Irish Bastile. Ireland witnessed his delinquency with sorrow, but she had not anticipated the extent of the evils which awaited her, in the dismemberment of her power, and the extinction of her independence by a legislative union with Britain.

I was myself the first victim to the political delinquency of Lord Castlereagh. On the 16th of September, 1796, while yet in my eighteenth year, I was arrested by him on a charge of high treason. The manner of my arrest was as novel as mysterious, and the hand which executed it the last from which I could have suspected an act of unkindness. Lord Castlereagh was the personal friend of my father, who admired him as the early advocate of civil and religious liberty. He was a member of the illustrious band of Irish volunteers; and his name to this hour stands recorded amongst the most conspicuous characters who formed the first great political association in Ulster, for that redress of grievances which the united exertions of the people only could obtain *.

When in the year 1790, the representation for Down was contested, and the independence

* See Appendix, No. II.

of that great and populous county threatened, through the powerful influence of the Downshire family and a combination of local interests hostile to the rights of the people, Lord Castlereagh, then the Honourable Robert Stewart, was selected by his countrymen for his talents and his patriotism; and after the most obstinate political contest ever witnessed in Ireland, he was triumphantly returned to parliament, supported not only by the suffrages, but by the pecuniary contributions of the friends of civil and religious liberty. On this memorable occasion Lord Castlereagh publicly subscribed to a test, which, in expressing the sense of his constituents, marked out the line of his parliamentary duty, pledging himself, in language the most unequivocal, to the unceasing pursuit of parliamentary reform. The penal laws at this period operated against my father's personal exercise of the elective franchise, but neither his fortune nor his best exertions were unemployed in the service of his friend. What then must have been my astonishment when I found myself a prisoner in the hands of the man whom I had been early taught to regard as a model of patriotism!

The evening preceding my arrest had been passed in one of those gay and cheerful assem-

blies for which at that period the north of Ireland was distinguished, and in which Lord Castlereagh and other members of his family not unfrequently mingled. The recollection of those early scenes is still fresh in my remembrance, and the delightful entertainment they afforded, was a true criterion of the polished manners and the social feeling of the inhabitants of my native town *. Accompanying my father on the following morning on a short excursion on horseback, we were met by Lord Castlereagh, who accosted us with his usual courtesy and politeness. We had proceeded up the street together, when having reached the house of his noble relative, the Marquess of Hertford, we were about to take leave of his lordship—"I regret", said he, addressing my father, "that your son cannot accompany you"; conducting me at the same moment through the outer gate, which to my inexpressible astonishment was instantly closed, and I found myself surrounded by a military guard. I expostulated, and in no very measured language, against what I considered a foul and treacherous proceeding, and with warmth I demanded that the gate should be reopened, and my father admitted.

* Lisburn.

This, after some deliberation, was assented to. My father entered; he looked first on me, then sternly on Castlereagh, and with a firm and determined composure inquired the cause of my arrest. "High treason!" replied his lordship. —Our interview was short; my father was not permitted to remain. It may well be conceived at this moment what were his emotions:—he bade me adieu with a proud, but a tender feeling; and whilst my hand, locked in his, felt the fond pressure of paternal love, his eye darted a look of defiance, and his soul swelled indignant with conscious superiority over the apostate patriot and insidious friend.

My father pursued his intended route, too sorrowful to return to his family, and too proud to betray the feelings which agitated his heart. It may appear somewhat strange that a man who bore the liveliest attachment to his domestic circle, and who was to me not only the affectionate parent, but also the companion and friend, should in a moment like the present, the most painful perhaps he had *yet* encountered, proceed on his business with so much apparent composure. But he was a man of no ordinary cast: to the liveliest sensibility were associated the firmest characteristics of mind; his intellectual powers were strong, and the gifts of

nature had been improved by an education of the most liberal stamp. Affluent in circumstances, and connected by the most respectable links to society, he was possessed of much popularity, and retained the confidence and esteem of his countrymen through a long and an honourable life. But his pride was innate, and subsequent persecution and misfortune could never bend it.

My horse was led home by a faithful domestic, but to that home I never returned; nor was a numerous, and till then a happy family ever again congregated within its walls. Persecution and misfortune followed in rapid succession. This was the first blow which had been struck against our peace, and it was aimed with a deadly hand. The melancholy appearance of the old servant, who clung with his arms round the neck of my horse, whilst his head reclined sorrowfully on the crest—the gloom and the mystery with which the occurrence seemed altogether enveloped, excited alarming conjectures in the minds of the family, which the honest domestic had not the courage to explain. But the mystery was soon unfolded.

Lord Castlereagh had only performed half his duty; he had made good his "caption", but he wanted evidence to convict his prisoner, or

to give a plausible pretext for the extraordinary measures he had exercised towards me. He entered my father's house accompanied by a military guard, and placing a sentinel at the door of each apartment, he presented a pistol to the breast of my brother John, a fine spirited youth of fourteen, whom he compelled to accompany him in his search, opening successively every locker, from which he carried off such papers as he thought proper to select, together with my pistols. My brother conducted himself on this occasion with a firmness and composure which could hardly have been expected from a lad of his years. One of my sisters evinced the most heroic courage: she was my junior, and with the gentlest possessed the noblest soul; she has been the solace of her family in all subsequent afflictions, and seemed to have been given as a blessing by Heaven, to counterpoise the ills they were doomed to suffer. But the feelings of my mother were totally overpowered by the scene. She had just been informed of my arrest, and now saw our peaceful home in possession of a military force. Maternal affection created imaginary dangers, and in the most energetic language she prayed Lord Castlereagh to permit her to visit my prison, and to grant even a momentary interview with her

son. This he had the good sense and firmness to decline, and in communicating the matter to me in the course of our evening's conversation, I expressed my approval of his decision. But my mother felt otherwise: the afflicted state of her mind precluded that reflection which should have rendered her sensible of the propriety of Lord Castlereagh's refusal. Agitated and disappointed, her gentle but lofty spirit was roused, and burying maternal grief in the indignant feeling of her soul, "I was wrong", she exclaimed, "to appeal to a heart that never felt the tie of parental affection—your Lordship is *not a father.*" She pronounced this with a tone and an emphasis so feeling and so powerful, that even the mind of Castlereagh was not insensible to its force, and he immediately retired with his guard.

CHAPTER III.

Popular excitement—Hostile intentions towards Lord Castlereagh—Suppressed—State Prisoners conducted to the capital—Lodged in prison.

THE intelligence of my arrest was quickly communicated. The novelty of the scene, the high rank and station of the principal actor, and the hurried bustle of the soldiery, all tended to excite considerable agitation in the minds of the populace, whose numbers every moment increased, and our hitherto peaceful town bore all the appearance of an approaching storm.

General Nugent, who at that time held the principal command in the northern district, entered the apartment where I was confined, accompanied by the officers of his staff. He considered it, perhaps, essential to the public safety, to see that a prisoner of state should be guarded with all due care, in a moment of popular excitement; but whatever motive might have operated on his mind, I am not to suppose that

idle curiosity bore any share. His visit was attended with considerable parade, and a good deal of that empty pomposity, more characteristic of the fop than the soldier. If I might judge by the result, it certainly was not intended to lessen the restrictions of my situation. A cold and distant salute passed between us. He eyed me with a minuteness which I considered rather uncourteous. I retorted his glance, and the General and his staff presently withdrew. In a little time, however, I found myself under the surveillance of an additional guard, and two grenadiers were now posted *within* my apartment.

For some hours I was confined to a front chamber, overlooking one of the principal streets; and as the populace continued to increase in number, and frequently demanded to see me, I was obliged to present myself at an open window, to receive and reply to their expressions of sympathy and kindness. Strong personal resentment against the author of my arrest was expressed in language too unequivocal to be mistaken, and the soldiers who formed my guard (chiefly of the Irish militia) evinced no disposition hostile to the sentiments which my countrymen expressed. The feelings of the army were, in fact, at that period, considerably

identified with those of the people; and it was evident, from the rapid changes of the guard, and the apparent distrust which it was impossible to conceal, that the commander of the northern district had not the most implicit reliance on the devotion of his troops.

Considerable apprehensions were excited in the minds of my townsmen, lest the papers which Lord Castlereagh had carried from my father's house, and to which he seemed to attach much importance, should contain any matter of a political tendency, likely to commit me with the government of the country. Two gentlemen, on whose faith and honour I could rely, addressed me from the crowd beneath my window, and with much anxiety inquired whether I had cause for apprehension on this subject. I assured them that I had none, that my mind was perfectly at ease, that I had never committed a political act which conscience would not approve, and the laws of my country justify. The inquiries of these gentlemen were heard by the crowd, and my reply was distinctly pronounced, both in the hearing of the guard and the multitude. The gentlemen withdrew, and they were cheered as they passed along.

An order was shortly after issued to have me removed from the front to a rear apartment of

the house, excluding all intercourse or communication with the people. In this gloomy apartment, and scarcely an hour from the time I had entered it, two grenadiers of the regiment of ——— addressed me with a feeling and emotion which evinced their sincerity;—"*Now*, Sir," said they, "*now* is your time; *our company* is on guard, our comrades are faithful; you have nothing to fear; no sentinel will stop you." I was surprised at this generous and devoted offer of the guard; but even had I apprehended personal danger, consideration for them would have led me to decline it. I soon learnt, however, that a communication existed between the soldiery and the people; and also, that after my friends had retired from the street, satisfied with the assurance I had given them, a rumour was again circulated, that Lord Castlereagh was in possession of papers which involved the safety of his prisoner; and that, under this impression, some of the most daring and determined, *had resolved to intercept him on his return from Belfast*, whither he had proceeded accompanied by Lord Westmeath, for the purpose of conducting the arrest of some leading political characters.

I had now no possible mode of direct external communication, situated, as I have already re-

marked, in a remote apartment, and excluded from all intercourse, save with the sentinels who kept guard in my chamber, with whom I communicated with the frankness which I thought their late bold and generous solicitude for my liberation merited. I exhorted them, in the most forcible language, to a peaceful and orderly demeanour; and in the most emphatic terms I protested against any proceeding which might, even in the remotest degree, involve the personal safety of Lord Castlereagh. My sentiments were conveyed to the people: my remonstrance had the desired effect. The noble lord returned, and he returned in safety,—and thus was preserved the life of that man whose genius was to direct the future destinies of the empire; who, elevated to the summit of power, betrayed the land of his birth, bartered her rights for an empty name, and preferred the hollow bauble and the glittering toy to the interests and the glory of his country.

It was now evening;—fatigued, and apparently much dispirited, Lord Castlereagh entered my apartment. To those who were acquainted with him, it is unnecessary to say that he possessed the most fascinating manners and engaging address, heightened by a personal appearance peculiarly attractive, and certainly not

in character with the duties of the office which he had that day assumed; for though national pride was extinct in the soul, the gifts of nature were not effaced from the form, nor the polished manners of the gentleman forgotten in the uncourteous garb of the officer of police. He regretted that in his absence I had been subjected to the painful restraint of an additional guard, which it was not his desire should have been placed within my apartment. A slight repast had been prepared, of which he pressed me to partake. The wine was generous, his lordship was polite, and the prisoner of state seemed for a moment forgotten in the kinder feelings of the earlier friend.

"I have had much fatigue to day", observed his lordship; and with a seeming disposition to engage me in conversation, he added, "We have made some important arrests." "Permit me to inquire the names of those arrested; my own situation naturally leads me to sympathize with that of others." "We have arrested Nelson, do you know him?" "Know him!" I replied, "I know him, and respect his worth; a man of talent and devoted patriotism,—an honest citizen,—the warm and disinterested friend; and, give me leave to add, my lord, the early advocate of his country's rights." His lordship also *knew*

him, and I thought I could perceive a something associated with Nelson's name which recalled to the mind of Lord Castlereagh recollections which, under present circumstances, he would perhaps rather have suppressed. After a momentary pause, "We have arrested Russell." "Russell!" said I, "then the soul of honour is captive—is Russell a prisoner?" Lord Castlereagh was silent; he filled his glass,—he presented me with wine. Our conversation had been embarrassing: we changed the subject.—"May I beg to know, my lord, what are the intentions of government towards me and my fellow prisoners?" "You will be immediately conducted to the capital," was the reply, "his Excellency and council will decide the rest."

The guard was now announced, the escort was under arms, and the polite courtier, with a courtesy which he rarely abandoned, placed me under charge of a squadron of dragoons. On presenting me to the guard, he desired that I should be treated with every indulgence consistent with their duty and the safe keeping of the prisoner, and in this I believe he was perfectly sincere.

The apartment in which we had dined was in the rear of the building, and had served as my prison from an early hour in the morning,

till about six in the afternoon. On entering a carriage, I was surprised at the immense multitude which thronged the streets,—a dense and nearly impassable crowd. Lord Castlereagh gave orders to the cavalry to clear the way. It was difficult to proceed, and for a moment doubtful whether a passage could be effected; order however was not interrupted. The people at first observed the most profound silence; they seemed doubtful what course to pursue; they looked wistfully on the prisoner, then at each other—a burst of national feeling broke from the crowd—an instantaneous cheer followed—a thousand hats waved in the air. I waved my hat, and cheered my countrymen in return—a few individuals were pressed by the cavalry, but no serious injury occurred. On reaching the square, I observed nine carriages strongly guarded. These contained prisoners, and were ranged in regular succession. Mine formed the tenth. The escort which conducted me had received orders to lead;—we drove rapidly to the van, and the whole cavalcade was instantly in motion.

In the small towns through which we passed, great anxiety was evinced to see and communicate with the prisoners, but the cavalry kept the people at a distance, and on some occasions

acted with rudeness towards them; the infantry however, were uniformly disposed to kindness, and omitted no opportunity to evince feelings which could not be mistaken.

It was midnight when we arrived at the town of Newry; our carriages were drawn up in front of the principal hotel. A small squadron of dragoons only remained with us, while the main body retired to feed their horses, after a long and fatiguing march. The garrison of the town had not been apprised of our approach, and no relief was in readiness. The prisoners wanted refreshment, but none was allowed them. It was here that the generous feelings of our fair countrywomen were portrayed in native colouring. The young and lovely daughters of the "maître d'hotel" hastened to present us with refreshments. This was opposed by the guards; but while they refused admission within their lines, they durst not raise their hands against female innocence and beauty. Two of those interesting girls approached my carriage; this they could only effect through the hazardous expedient of passing under the cavalry horses, which evinced more gentleness than their riders. They extended their arms with difficulty, and pressed me to partake of the refreshments which they presented; while I, in admiration of their

heroic courage, forgot the privations which they came to relieve, and inhaled the sweeter delight which the presence of virtue and loveliness affords. Heroic countrywomen! if courage had been wanting to animate our cause, your example would have taught us firmness.

Our escort was soon refreshed, and as the commander seemed to consider time of importance, we left the more fatigued troops behind, and proceeded with every possible expedition to cross the once formidable barrier which nature has placed between Leinster and our native province. The roads at that time were difficult of passage, and our advance was much impeded by the darkness of the night, and the steep ascents, over which our carriages could only proceed at a slow and slackened pace; it was therefore late on the night of the 17th when we reached the capital. We drove direct to the castle. Our arrival was unlooked for; no arrangements had been made for our reception. The officers of the several departments of the castle had retired. There was no authority to receive us; none to whom the commander of the escort could consign his prisoners. We remained for more than two hours in this situation, drawn up and guarded in our respective carriages, without being permitted the slightest

intercourse with each other. During this time all was still and quiet within the precincts of the castle, but at length the return of the messenger was announced who had been despatched to the residence of the chief secretary of state, and a council was hastily convened, before whom a few of my fellow-prisoners underwent a ridiculous examination, which only tended to betray the indecision of the council, and to expose the weakness which all their assumed courage and importance could not conceal. After a little further delay in telling over our numbers, calling out our respective names and places of abode, the council broke up, and we were conducted to prison.

CHAPTER IV.

Committal of State Prisoners by Judge Boyd—Prison scenes—Magisterial atrocity—Severe restrictions imposed on the Prisoners—Ingenious contrivance to transmit communications from without—Partial relaxation of severities—Lord O'Neill.

It was late when we arrived at this mansion of human misery, under a strong escort of British dragoons. The stillness of the night; the solitary gloom of the prison; the echo of feet as we passed through the long vaulted corridor; the alternate clank of a chain and the grating of the dungeon-door, which opened to entomb the victim, were all calculated to inspire sentiments of horror in a mind tainted with guilt or embued with crime. And was this to be the residence of those whose *crime* was love of country, and whose *guilt* was attachment to the human race?

The brave veteran who commanded the escort, on handing over his prisoners, seemed surprised at the composure with which men ap-

proached what in this day of terror was considered an inevitable fate. "'Twere pity", he whispered, "they should perish, for guilt does not assume the air of fortitude which marks their deportment." "Farewell, gentlemen", said he, with an expression of countenance which bespoke a benevolent heart, "I have executed a painful duty, but I hope not with too rigorous an observance." As he concluded the last sentence he opened a small silver snuff-box which he had for some time held in his hand; I was standing near him;—he extended it towards me—I bowed, and taking a pinch from the box, "It is grateful", said I, "after a tedious night and a dreary march." He looked on me I thought with an eye of paternal kindness, and presenting the box, "Accept this," said he, "and may its contents never be exhausted in prison."

As no preparation had been made for our reception, we passed the first night of our imprisonment as under such circumstances might naturally have been expected. We slept however soundly, and though not on beds of roses, our pillows were free from thorns. We were escorted on the following morning (Sunday), with considerable military parade, through the principal streets of the capital, to the residence of

Judge Boyd, where, for the first time since our arrest, we had free communication with each other; and whilst our committals were being prepared, which occupied a considerable portion of time, we enjoyed some amusement at the expense of this functionary of the law; a man not more remarkable for the correctness of his judicial conduct than for the virtues which adorned his private life.

Our committals having been prepared, we were ordered to stand forth, and answer to our respective names. "Samuel Nelson."—"Here." "You stand charged with high treason against" —"whom, my Lord?" "Suffer me to go on, sir."—"With great respect, I wish to set your Lordship right." "I am right, sir"—"and *sober* too", whispered Nelson with a good-humoured smile, and a significant expression directed to us, which, in despite of our situation, excited a feeling of merriment impossible to repress. The gravity of poor Russell however seemed to have been offended. No man regarded etiquette and the punctilios of politeness more. He looked solemn, stroked up his fine black hair, and with a sweetness of countenance peculiarly his own, and in a gently modulated but sufficiently audible tone of voice, he begged of his friend Nelson to respect the dignity of the Bench

and the personal virtues of the learned judge. Russell's admonition had the desired effect; Nelson bowed respectfully, and with a half suppressed smile assured his friend that he esteemed the learned judge the most *chaste* and *temperate* of mankind. Though Boyd could not have distinctly heard what passed, it was evident that he was not perfectly free from embarrassment, and as he evinced no disposition to create any unnecessary delay, our committals were hastily run over, our names were rapidly called, and under the sanction of legal authority we were reconducted to prison.

To those who have been familiar with prisons (under Irish "lettres de cachet"), the present will afford nothing novel. The interior of *our* prison was of the most gloomy description, and calculated, as far as the extended structure would admit, to gratify the feelings of the despotic mind in the solitary confinement of the prisoner. Pen, ink, and paper were prohibited, all intercourse with our friends was denied; and when at length we were indulged with any external communication, our letters were uniformly presented to us unsealed, having first been perused by the secretary of state. I shall never forget the sensation I experienced on the first communication from my family, conveyed

to me by letter from my father, which also bore the signature of the sister whom I loved. My father's letter was guarded, of course, for he addressed it under cover to the secretary of state, but it was couched in language which did honour to the feelings of his heart and the firmness of his mind.

The aspect of affairs every day became more serious; the union of the people more formidable to the government, and the government more hostile to the rights of the people. Numbers of Irishmen were hourly incarcerated, to gratify personal resentment, to lull the fears of the alarmists, or to afford a pretext for the adoption of those measures which a weak and a wicked policy had devised. Some were also victims to the treachery of those who, under the impulse of fear or the hopes of reward, had deserted or betrayed their associates; for, as in the earlier days of rapine and spoliation, personal safety was secured by the most revolting acts of perfidy and injustice *, so in the mo-

* The Irish of the seventeenth century, who were declared rebels in consequence of their resistance to the intolerable oppressions under which they laboured during the reign of Elizabeth, were only received to mercy on the express condition of betraying or assassinating some of their friends. Lord Mountjoy never extended mercy, as his secretary Morrison informs us, but to those who had first drawn the blood of their fellows.

dern, treachery was not unfrequently the stipulated price of indemnity and life. And as the coward will protract a miserable existence at the expense of every tie, human or divine, many of the virtuous and the brave fell victims to the revival of that old and barbarous policy, which scattered the golden corn to the wind to purchase the chaff with a nation's blood.

Many were now the tenants of this gloomy mansion. Varied were their characters and relations in life; the thoughtless, the witty, and the gay—the grave, the prudent, and the austere. But though varied the character and varied the taste, they were firm in misfortune and sincere in attachment. All bore their privations with the courage of men, and that calm composure which can only result from approving minds.

Solitary imprisonment was at first enjoined, and all intercourse rigidly prohibited; and though on some occasions this mode of restraint could not be carried into effect, it was practised when circumstances permitted, and the caprice of those in power favoured its adoption. We had however hours of cheerfulness, and even of pleasure, for the ingenuity of the captive was an over-match for the vigilance of his keeper. With much labour and perseverance we succeeded in detaching the locks from

our doors, and when our gaoler had retired to rest, and the inmates of the prison were supposed to be in profound repose, we opened our cells, and enjoyed that sweet intercourse of society which those only who have been deprived of it can appreciate. We replaced our locks before morning, with the same caution but with less labour than we had disengaged them in the night, and as our contrivance was not even suspected, it was a length of time before any discovery was made, and this was only effected by the sluggishness of some of our companions, who, having passed the night in cheerful society with each other, generally slept those hours in the day which were occasionally permitted for the indulgence of exercise and air. This circumstance often recurring, our vigilant keepers first began to wonder, then to suspect, and at length surprised us, when repeated success had rendered us less prudent, and confidence had lulled us into security.

Offences against the dignity of our governor were generally punished by a removal of the offender to a more loathsome quarter of the prison, and a privation of the few indulgences which we occasionally enjoyed. On this occasion it was impossible to remove all, and at the same time to gratify the angry feelings of our

gaoler, for he had not sufficient room in the condemned cells to confine us apart; and to place us in society together, was no punishment for gay and lively Irishmen, no matter how dreary or secluded the situation. Besides, in society we might plot against the state, and being of rebellious dispositions, encourage insubordination in the prison. It then became a question who should be removed, and in this dilemma, our sapient governor had no chart to guide his selection in his comparative ideas of danger and guilt, save the physiognomy of his prisoners. In this, however, he made the most egregious mistake, and selected for the dungeon some of the most mild and placid disposition, while he retained in their former situation others who possessed nerve and spirit for any enterprise. Such as were removed, experienced scenes of the most painful description. When exhausted nature had sunk in unquiet slumber, on a miserable pallet of straw in the moist and dreary cell, often has that slumber been broken by the plaintive voice of sorrow, in accents which still vibrate on my ear, "Awake my countryman, awake, to morrow I die;—in Christian charity join me in one short prayer." To form a knowledge of the prison house, it is necessary to have seen and felt its horrors. Can it be sup-

posed that those in high authority could have stooped for means so base? I admit their vigilance, I acknowledge the prompt severity of their measures, but I would hope that in some instances their emissaries outstepped the limits of authority, and that all the foul deeds perpetrated within and without the walls had not the approval or the sanction of their name: and yet we have seen the most brutal and vicious sheltered under public acts of indemnity, whilst the laws of humanity and justice were outraged.

The government was cruel, its satellites were sanguinary, and their guilty minds created perpetual alarms. They had sinned beyond the power of human forgiveness, and to silence the cries of conscience, they violated the bonds of nature. The vengeance of Heaven has overtaken many in their iniquitous career. I have known it exemplified in humble and more elevated life. I have relieved at my door the houseless and shivering family of the wretch who had excluded from my dungeon the wholesome air and food. I have seen the village tyrant, who, in the plenitude of magisterial authority, had dared to violate every law human and divine, and insult the justice of Heaven by perverted judgment and oppression of the weak;

I have seen him humbled in misery to the dust, a living example of divine displeasure, hateful to himself and loathsome to others; at one moment vainly endeavouring by the profusion of his alms, to deprecate the wrath of Heaven; soliciting at another the prayers of the virtuous, and in the next, sunk to the depth of despair;—rich in possession, a beggar in heart—cruel and unrelenting, a coward in soul;—the despoiler of female virtue, though the wedded partner of female worth.—The sanguinary hand was withered by the orphan's curse, and the widow's malediction pursues his children, houseless and forlorn. This is one among the many examples of human depravity I could trace; it is not the colouring of fancy, it is a character from real life, it is known and acknowledged, and will be recognized by thousands *.

* Amongst the many acts of cruelty perpetrated by this monster, was one which even the most sanguinary laws can neither attempt to palliate nor justify. After the defeat of the brave but unfortunate Perry on his memorable retreat to the Boyne, two amiable and respectable females, young, virtuous, and interesting, whose heroic and conjugal attachment had led them to accompany their husbands through all the perils of the field, were taken in the pursuit. The manly foe would delight in protecting virtue, and beauty has a claim almost irresistible even in the savage breast. But this blasted despoiler, to whom the government of the country had en-

Solitary imprisonment on a general scale was now totally impracticable; but as alarm or caprice operated on the minds of those in power, we generally experienced the effects of both. Many were the stratagems and artifices resorted to for the purpose of receiving communications from friends without, or of relieving their solicitude from painful apprehensions for the safety of those within. The use of pen, ink, and paper, which is only allowed under certain re-

trusted the commission of the peace and the command of a yeomanry corps, bore the unhappy captives,—not to the home of safety,—not to the asylum of honour,—but within the precincts of his own residence, which the virtue of an amiable wife should have rendered sacred. Brutal violence was offered, and every ruffian of his band invited to the hellish example. To the honour of a British officer, who commanded in the neighbouring garrison, the wretched victims were rescued the following morning. The foul deed was stigmatized by his most marked and manly reprobation, and means afforded the unfortunates for conveying them to their far distant homes, to seek the wretched partners of their affections or to mourn their misfortunes on their graves. I was in the neighbourhood where and when this horrid transaction took place, and I had the particulars of the disgusting outrage from a member of the corps, whose humanity shuddered, but whose feelings of virtue were ridiculed, when he spurned the base proposal of the foul and damnable despoiler. And yet (shame on the degenerate souls of men!) this monster was permitted to associate with society, until he became a stalking spectre of divine vengeance in the marked malediction of Heaven.

strictions to prisoners of state, was again prohibited with more than ordinary precaution. This of all others is perhaps the most painful privation that can be inflicted on a rational mind. Secluded from society, debarred all intercourse with men, and occasionally prohibited even the indulgence of books, or confined to such as an ignorant or despotic censorship might approve, the mind was left to its own resources, which even in the most cultivated will require nourishment and support; else time becomes tedious, life insipid, and the mental organs deranged, which are toned by action and harmonized by use. I have seen as noble and as brave a soul, and as pure as any amongst his fellows, lost to society, to his country, and himself, from this, if I may so term it, refined but barbarous system of mental restraint, which left a brilliant lamp to waste and exhaust its fire from want of refreshing oil to feed and support the flame.

Despotic man, wrapt up in all his "little brief authority", still is poor and impotent, and the hand that would crush is often more injured than the heart that resists the pressure. Whilst the dark soul of despotism was employed in devising new modes of privations and restraint, the fair spirit of liberty was awake, and the

sympathy of virtue, which tyrants never feel, which fetters cannot bind nor bolts restrain; communicated confidence, entertainment, and hope. To a circumstance apparently simple in its nature, and unconnected with any measure which could tend to excite suspicion or alarm, we were indebted for the free communication with our friends, and the mutual interchange of sentiments of the last importance to both. This was effected through the ingenuity of a lady remarkable for the benevolent and generous feelings of her heart,—(but why suppress her name, it were injustice to the virtues of the living, and the memory of the dead)—she was the daughter of one of our most wealthy and independent citizens *, whose wealth and independence were the least enviable of his endowments; she was the wife of the patriotic Bond, whose fate his country to this hour deplores, and whose station in the ranks of his countrymen remains yet to be filled. Should this page meet her eye, she will pardon the liberty which the writer has taken with a name associated with all that is amiable, and hallowed by the recollection of her virtues and misfortunes.

On that great festival which is respected in every quarter of the Christian world, this

* The late Henry Jackson.

excellent lady, having addressed a polite message to the first authority of the prison, requested through him permission to furnish a dish for the table of the prisoners of state, who had long been excluded from their families and homes, and in this season of festivity, deprived of the enjoyment of which even the humblest peasant partakes. This dish was accompanied by one of smaller dimensions but of similar appearance, which was presented to the good lady, the governor's spouse. Never did the governor or his gentle rib partake of a dish more agreeable to their palates; it was a pasty of exquisite flavour, and seasoned by no parsimonious hand. Dainties of this kind were novel to the captive, but still more novel the design;—choice indeed were the materials of which our dish was composed, and most acceptable to those for whose entertainment it was prepared. With the full permission of the governor the pie was placed on our table, the turnkey received his Christmas-box, smiled as he turned the money in his hand, and retired. Under cover of the encrustment, which was artfully but with apparent simplicity arranged, the dish was filled with writing materials, foreign and domestic newspapers, communications from friends, and * *

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It is impossible to describe, and difficult to conceive, the sensations to which this discovery gave birth, or the happy results of this most ingenious device.

"O woman!—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

From the hour of our imprisonment to this moment we had been utter strangers to every foreign and domestic occurrence, save the very guarded communications we received through the office of the secretary of state. But we now felt as if a new soul breathed within us; we were assured of the attachment of our friends, the sympathy of our country, and the strength of our cause; we learnt the weakness of our oppressors, we felt that our strength increased in proportion, for the talent and virtue of the land were ranked on the side of union. The most distinguished for worth, for influence, and fortune, were now the asserters of their country's rights! Union was strength, and strength was security, and virtue was the bond of national hope.

The good fortune which opened to us the long desired intercourse with our friends, was now heightened by the unexpected communica-

tion from the secretary of state, that such of the prisoners as were married had the permission of government to see their wives*. I was much surprised, however, to find that my friend Nelson was not disposed to avail himself of this permission. Nelson had a tender affection for his wife, and she merited all the respect and attachment he could feel; yet he positively prohibited her visiting his prison. "I cannot," said he, "suffer you to undertake a long and fatiguing journey at this season of the year to visit me in my cell. Here your nerves will be shocked by the brutality of a turnkey, and in the Castle your pride will be wounded by the insolence of a minion in office." His prohibition however did not avail. He addressed his letter through the usual channel, the office of the secretary of state; but the faithful partner of his affections had already procured an order of admission to the prison.

As government had now so far relaxed in the severity of our prison discipline, my father addressed the secretary, his *friend* Lord Castlereagh, and requested permission to visit me after so long and painful a separation: but his lordship had not the heart of an O'Neill, nor the

* I have reason to suppose that this indulgence was acceded to the humane interference of the late Lord O'Neill.

feelings of a father; he refused, in the polite language of the courtier, without altogether closing the door against hope. My father was importunate; several letters passed between him and the noble secretary, when the latter, to put an end to the correspondence, terminated his last epistle in these words:—"It is necessary that you should state some specific grounds for the permission sought." My father replied, "I can state no specific grounds for the permission sought, save that God and nature require parental attention to my child, which, considered in a ministerial point of view, may not be deemed sufficient."

For a considerable time no material change took place in our situation; as our prison became too crowded, it was occasionally relieved by the removal of its surplus numbers to the prison ships and military provosts. Many were sent to pine and perish in the distant colonies of Britain, several to work the mines or augment the armies of her Prussian ally; and (fatal infatuation!) others were compelled to enter the British fleet, which in a short time after, under the direction of the unfortunate Parker, taught an awful lesson to ministers, which threatened the extinction of their naval power*. The ill

* Mutiny at the Nore.

success attendant on those measures,—the increasing power of France,—the agitated and defenceless state of Ireland, a great proportion of whose military force was now become more a subject of alarm than security, caused men of reflection to pause for a moment; and in the interval of returning reason some efforts were made to reconcile the conflicting passions of the public, and, by a cessation of hostility on the part of the government, to procure, if not an acquiescence, a non-resistance on the part of the people.

The person who offered his services on this occasion as arbitrator between the government and the people, seemed well qualified for the undertaking: he had once been a distinguished character in Ireland. Of ancient family and ample fortune, he had lately been raised to the peerage, which reflected no additional lustre on the man whose ancestors swayed princely authority in the land before Britain had a title in that land to bestow:—a leader of the immortal band of volunteers, the principles of liberty were early congenial to his heart *:—benevolent and kind, he felt for the misfortunes

* See in Appendix, No. I., Lord O'Neill's sentiments on parliamentary reform.

which he could not relieve, and in the eventful day of strife fell the victim of mistake, when the roused and ungovernable passions of men were no longer under the control of discriminating reason. To Lord O'Neill, then, was assigned the important commission, which it was vainly hoped would afford security to the state and tranquillity to the people.

Lord O'Neill entered on his mission in the full confidence and security of an unsuspecting mind. He had several interviews with us in prison, and though we entertained no very high ideas of the sincerity of the administration, we had no reason to suspect the purity of *his* views. But his humane intentions were counteracted by the intrigues of faction; for that demon of dissension —the bane of Ireland's happiness and peace, he who, in the language of Grattan, "lived too short for justice, but too long for his country," interposed *. The cherished hopes of conciliation and justice were followed by torture on the one hand, and resistance on the other.

* Lord Cl—e.

CHAPTER V.

Prison anecdotes—Increased severities—Communications from prison—Just reliance on popular feeling—Perilous situation of the Governor—Domiciliary visit—Lord Carhampton.

THE calm resignation and unshaken fortitude which supported men through the severest trials, and accompanied them in the last stage of their mortal career, seemed a matter of unaccountable surprise to those who were insensible to the love of country and the innate feelings of virtue, which teach us how to die.

The fatal bell had tolled, and another victim was doomed to the grave. I endeavoured to conceal from myself the emotion which a recurrence of such scenes had not yet taught me entirely to suppress. He is, perhaps, said I, the only prop of a widowed mother; the husband, father, long sighed for, never to return, or the youthful scion of a noble house. The irresistible impulse of feeling led me forward to exchange,

through our grated window, the last cheering smile of confidence, and bid a final adieu. This simple, but mournful ceremony, was uniformly practised when not particularly prohibited by the ever cautious vigilance of the prison authorities. The procession was ascending the small interior platform, which was immediately opposite my apartment, and which afforded me a near and distinct view of the prisoner. I was rejoiced, however, to find that my fears were groundless, for he was not a victim to political vengeance! I was about to retire, when something peculiarly interesting in his deportment arrested my attention. He was a man whose appearance evidently bespoke him above the ordinary class of society. Young, well proportioned, and though emaciated by the rigors of imprisonment, his countenance had not lost those traces of manly beauty, which seemed to have been impaired less by corporal than mental suffering. His eye involuntarily caught mine, and as if struck by some sudden and empassioned impulse, he exclaimed, "And must I die disgraced when the road to virtue and to fame lay open before me? Good God! that I should have compromised the dignity of man to perish like a felon, when I might have fallen like a hero. It was my first, my only crime. I have endeavoured to atone—I have no wish for

life—disgrace would be my companion, and I only seek forgetfulness in the grave." He extended his hand, unconscious of the bars between us, but suddenly recoiled. "Mine," said he, "is not the hand of honour. Yours shall not be polluted by the touch. While your tomb will be moistened by the tears of your country, mine will be marked by the finger of scorn." The unhappy man was hurried to his fate.

By one of those acts of petty despotism, in which the governor of our prison but too often indulged, we had for some time been restricted from the usual enjoyment, if enjoyments they might be termed, which government had permitted him to extend to the state prisoners under his *paternal* care. This restriction extended to the privation of exercise and air, and even the most remote or partial communication with our friends. We had offended against the majesty of the governor, for we had presumed to converse in a language which he did not understand, and for this offence were all communication and social intercourse interdicted. Our conversation being, as he supposed, of a treasonable nature, the safety of the prison and the safety of the state were equally in danger. Had this occurred in an earlier stage of our imprisonment, we should have treated the matter in a more trivial light, terror and se-

clusion being then the order of the day; but having tasted a little of the *liberty* of a prison, we were too democratic in principle to surrender our rights at discretion.

The state of Europe at this period was big with events, and Ireland was not an uninterested spectator. The seclusion and restrictive severity within became a subject of alarm to our friends without; and to relieve their minds from all apprehension for our personal safety, we addressed a package of letters under cover to the patriotic and venerable James Dickson, one of the most deservedly popular men in the city. But having no hand through which we could procure a direct conveyance from the prison, we trusted to fortune (confident in the sympathy of our countrymen) for a favourable issue. By the ingenuity of a fellow prisoner, who was confined in one of the loftier cells, the package was conveyed from the lower apartments to his, and thence impelled with considerable force beyond the external walls. Fortune favoured the design; the feelings of the people were alive to our situation; the package was picked up, and by a faithful hand conveyed to its destination.

This was an occurrence of some days old, and had tended, in a considerable degree, to calm the excitement which the late mysterious discipline

of the prison had roused in the public mind. Still however the impression had not entirely subsided, and the popular feeling was, that the state prisoners were treated with cruelty, and that their persons were in danger. Business in the course of the day having led the unfortunate governor to the city, he was speedily recognized, and the fearful cry immediately raised, "De Launay and the Bastile." Astounded with terror the unfortunate man sought safety in flight. No house would receive, no hand would dare to protect him. Pursued by an immense crowd of the populace, which every moment increased in violence and numbers, he narrowly escaped with his life. Breathless, exhausted, and fainting with terror, he reached the prison, when, throwing himself on us for protection, he implored our intercession with the people for the preservation of his family and the security of his person.

Our main guard had been composed of soldiers of the Irish militia, who did not seem to feel all that sympathy for the governor which he thought his perilous situation demanded: or perhaps the generous feelings of Irishmen were rather imprudently evinced for the objects

* De Launay, who was governor of the Bastile at the commencement of the French Revolution, was put to death by the populace, at the storming of that fortress.

of Ireland's regard. It was therefore considered advisable to form the guard in future from a veteran corps then under the more especial observation of a military chief, not more distinguished for moral virtue than his ancestor had been for national fidelity. The Irish troops were removed, and, as we termed them, the veteran "Swiss Battalion" appointed in their stead. This augured no good to the prisoners. Fresh restrictions were imposed, and the nocturnal domiciliary visit afforded a gratifying source of entertainment to the refined taste of the *humane and virtuous Carhampton*.

In one of those excursions in which none but the gloomy and tyrannic soul could take delight, our several apartments were entered in succession by the commander-in-chief accompanied by two officers of his staff, a brutal turnkey, and four soldiers with fixed bayonets. Aroused at the dead hour of the night by this most unlooked for and unwelcome intrusion; the fell visage of the turnkey with a dark lantern in his hand; the presence of soldiers under arms, and the horrid grimace of a countenance the most repelling I ever beheld;—all conspired to fill my soul with terror:—and the act of assassination presented itself to my mind as already commenced. I sprung from my pallet, and under the influence

of horror bordering on despair, determined not to surrender my life without a struggle, and unconscious of whom I assailed, my hand had already grasped at the throat of the noble commander-in-chief. What a specimen of the puerile employment of the man, to whose courage and guidance was committed the protection of the state, and that state hourly threatened by invasion from abroad and tottering from dissensions at home! Whether a feeling of compassion or a sense of shame operated on the mind of this distinguished commander, was not the subject of my inquiry—my person was uninjured and my terrors allayed. "Pray, sir, how long have you been confined?" "Since September, 96." "A long imprisonment." "A painful one," was my reply. "You are Mr.——?" "And you, I presume, are my Lord Carhampton." "Ha! You know me then;—good night, sir." "Good night, my lord," and I resumed my pallet.

The apartment in the corridor adjoining to mine was occupied by my friend Nelson, and to this his lordship directed his next visit. The unbarring of the heavy doors, and the hollow sound produced by the tread of feet had alarmed many of the prisoners, and Nelson was up and dressed when the guardian of Ireland's

safety entered his apartment. "You are late up," said his lordship, in a hasty and irritated tone of voice. "Rather early, I think, my lord," said Nelson, "for it is not yet sunrise." "Pray sir, do you know me?" "Oh, perfectly," replied Nelson. "Allow me, sir, to ask you where or when you have known me, for I cannot recollect that I have ever had the honour of your acquaintance." "I had the honour to be reviewed by your lordship in the first battalion of Irish volunteers, when the light cavalry on the plains of Broughshane—" "Stop, sir, stop; those days are gone by—these are not fit subjects for prison reflections; go to bed, sir, and dream of something else than Irish volunteers." The commander looked stern,—Nelson frowned,—the soldiers exchanged significant glances,—and his lordship proceeded to the next apartment.

In this were lodged two characters of inestimable worth, the Rev. Sinclair Kelburne, and the celebrated physician, Doctor Crawford; good and benevolent men, but of a warmth of disposition which a vexatious imprisonment had rather increased than diminished. They were unacquainted with the person of the gallant commander-in-chief, but perfectly familiar with the notoriety of his exploits. "What, gentlemen, up so early?" "*Up*," replied his rever-

ence, "*up*, captain, is the order of the day." "Then, sir, I recommend you to be down," said his lordship with a stern countenance and pointing to a chair. "I cannot think of sitting down, sir, while you are standing; allow me, captain, to hand you a chair." "No!" exclaimed his lordship, with the utmost scorn and apparent contempt, "No sir, I shall never sit in company with traitors." "Honi soit qui mal y pense," whispered the worthy divine; but roused by the word traitor, and unable to restrain the honest indignation of his soul, "Traitor!" he exclaimed, and bending his dark brow on the pallid countenance of the commander-in-chief, he pronounced in a solemn and emphatic tone, "*No! on the sincerity of an Irishman and the faith of a Christian, there is not a Lutterell within our walls.*"

There are times when the most profligate and abandoned to vice, though covered with the mantle of authority and shielded by power, will shrink in the presence of virtue, and flee from that conscious superiority which they have neither the strength nor the courage to resist; it was even so with the noble chief. The humble divine struck the chord which vibrated to his

* *Up* was a popular expression well understood, and synonymous with the word *united*.

heart, and conscience flashed conviction on his mind, while the chastening hand was unconscious of the wound it had given. In hastening to retire, his lordship's attention was arrested by a small volume which he perceived in the worthy doctor's hand.—"What has been the subject of your study, sir?" "Locke on Government," was the reply. "A bad book for a prison," rejoined his lordship. "Then carry it to head-quarters, sir," said the doctor, presenting the book with a sarcastic smile.

Prudence should have suggested by this time to his lordship the propriety of returning, for so far he had encountered nothing in the prison flattering to his vanity or agreeable to his taste; he was fretted and chagrined, and his temper, naturally splenetic, was not improved by recent occurrences. But something was still wanting to gratify that low and vitiated feeling, which is the inseparable companion of the mean and vulgar mind: the circumstance soon presented itself.

At the extremity of the corridor was one of those apartments designated a common hall. Here a number of young men were confined, who had only arrived in prison the preceding day, and waited the convenience of the gaoler to be distributed as circumstances or his ca-

price might direct. Many and curious were the interrogatives of the noble commander; and not less curious and pertinent the replies. There was something which struck the mind of the sagacious chief, as peculiarly treasonable, in the appearance and deportment of these young men; they were of robust and nervous frame, bold in aspect, with all that gay and lively sensibility so peculiar to their country; they were, in fact, Irishmen. The perils of their situation seemed to have produced no alarm in their minds, and though disposed to courtesy, they were neither daunted nor awed by the presence of the illustrious commander and the companions of his midnight rounds. "Why are so many of these people at large?" observed his lordship, addressing the gaoler, and eyeing the prisoners with a peculiar glance of distrust. "*At large!*" re-echoed the gay and lively Gordon, "and if this be enlargement, what the devil are your ideas of restriction?" "Silence," cried the petulant commander, "or you shall learn manners in the dungeon." "That's a logical argument," said Gordon, though in a less audible tone of voice, "I deny the premises."

The good-humoured merriment of Gordon caused a general smile amongst his companions,

which was returned by a dark and menacing frown on the part of the chief. It is possible, however, that the scene might have terminated here, had not his lordship observed a small knot of green riband attached to a light foraging cap, which at once associated in his mind the treacherous field of Aughrim with the modern days of Irish union*. Ungovernable in his anger, he demanded, in a stern and menacing tone, to whom it belonged, and who had dared to intrude this emblem of sedition within the sanctuary of the walls. "It is mine," said Gordon, advancing with a bold and manly front; and placing the cap on one of the finest formed heads in nature, with a look of conscious superiority and manly pride, he reiterated, "*It is mine.*" Passion had nearly suspended the organs of speech, but the motion of the hand and the action of the eye were perfectly intelligible; and the commander's wishes were already anticipated by the prompt authority of the gaoler.

Fetters and the dungeon presented no terrors to the manly breast, while a virtuous sympathy bespoke the generous feeling which animated every soul, and all eagerly demanded to partici-

* The defeat of the Irish army at Aughrim in 1691, has been always attributed to the treachery of Colonel Lutterell, the ancestor of this distinguished commander.

pate in the perilous distinction of their intrepid associate*. "Let them be indulged," exclaimed the humane commander of his majesty's forces. His lordship viewed the operation of ironing the prisoners with a cold and malignant composure, while they, with cheerful heart and animated voice, sung aloud a popular air of the day, and again and again rejoined in the chorus,

"Though we to the dungeon go,
Where patriots dwelt before,
Yet in the cell, or on the sod,
We're Paddies evermore."

To the notes of which, the clank of the chains, in their slow and solemn march through the long-vaulted windings of the prison, afforded a plaintive, but not inharmonious accompaniment.

* Gordon was the son of a respectable Protestant clergyman in the province of Ulster. He bore, with firmness, a long and painful imprisonment, and after the disasters of 1798 found an asylum in the United States.

CHAPTER VI.

Interesting Occurrence—French Fleet in Bantry Bay—Alarm of Prison Authorities—Devoted Fidelity of an Irish Peasant—State Informers.

It was at the still hour of night, in the depth of the wintry storm, when the old year had nearly run its course, and the approach of the new was anticipated with alternate hopes and fears, when every moment increased suspense, and every footstep caught the listening ear, that the long vaulted passages announced the approach of feet, which proclaimed the arrival of the most unlooked for but most welcome of friends.

The moment was to us one of the deepest interest. The country was agitated; the government was alarmed; all the disposable military force was in motion, for a hostile squadron hovered on the peaceful shores of the south, and the capacious bay of Bantry was crowded with foreign masts. Never had Ireland experienced an hour of greater excitement—never

was her population more agitated with alternate hopes and fears. The prisons were crowded with the most popular characters of the day; and, as the troops were passing that in which we were confined, some detachments halted, and cheered us on their march to the south. The anxiety of the people increased, as alarm for our safety or hopes of our liberation prevailed. The sanguinary measures of the administration had alienated the great majority of the nation, and the minority possessed neither the influence nor the power to contend with the approaching storm. Every thing without the cabinet bespoke the alarm that prevailed within, for government had neither the wisdom to conciliate the people, nor the talent to direct the disposable force, with which they were ill prepared to encounter a bold and adventurous foe. Hurry, confusion, and disorder, marked the advance of the army; all was terror, doubt, and dismay; troops disaffected, horses wanting, the munitions of war badly supplied, and even the bullet was unfitted to the calibre of the cannon*, which a defective commissariat had supplied. The general's culinary apparatus only was complete; and, while the troops had

* Nine-pound shot was provided for six-pound cannon.

to contend with the severity of the winter's storm, the mountain's torrent, roads broken up by the floods or rendered impassable from the depth of the drifted snow, peril and dismay in the front, hunger and privation in the rear; every thing that could gratify the palate, even to the satiety of taste, was profusely provided for the general's table*. And thus prepared, the unwieldy Dalrymple faced to the south, to meet the invincible Hoche; the victor of La Vendée, followed by the bravest troops the republic of France could boast. But the elements protected the empire for Britain, and the country was preserved from the havoc of war. Hoche was separated from his troops by the winter's storm; and the army having no instructions to land in his absence, the expedition returned to the ports of France.

This was a most interesting period for Ireland, —a single breeze might have rendered it the most eventful. The solicitude of the country watched for the safety of the prisoners, who being considered as national hostages, were in a two-fold

* So peculiarly delicate was the general's palate, that gentlemen who served under him in the yeomanry ranks, were sometimes obliged to ride express ten or fifteen miles to procure Cayenne pepper for his soup, and capers for his favourite sauce.

degree the objects of concern, both to the government and the people, but with feelings the most opposite in nature.

The people, sensitively alive to the situation of those confined, had concerted measures for the liberation of a selected few, and the necessary means were provided for conveying us to a post of safety. The presence of friends, endeared to us by the double bond of country and personal esteem—the solemn hour of their visit—the apparent mystery which hung around it, the excitation of the moment, and the importance of the subject when disclosed; how they arrived; by what means they found entrance,—all afforded matter for deep conjecture. Whether the confidence of the prison authorities was secured, their hopes encouraged, or their fears allayed, is not the object of present inquiry. No suspicion was breathed, no alarm evinced. The rank of the visitors formed a guarantee of security, for their names were associated with the most influential in the land. The object of their visit was fully attained; those to whom it was necessary to communicate, were apprised of all that was interesting to learn; and the actors in this important scene returned uninjured, uninterrupted, and unsuspected to this hour. They had executed a commission, which, at that par-

ticular moment, none but themselves were competent to perform; and as it was attended with a risk, in which discovery must have involved both life and fortune, the generous act has left a grateful impression on the hearts of those who yet survive, which no change of country or clime can ever efface.

While the French fleet remained on the coast, the alarm on one hand was more than counterbalanced by the hopes entertained on the other; and the following simple occurrence is in some measure illustrative of the general panic that pervaded every department, in any degree connected with the government.

For some days an intense frost had prevailed, and the snow had fallen in deep and heavy drifts, but the atmosphere had become more mild, and an imperceptible thaw had already commenced. The snow with which the lofty parapets of the prison had been surcharged, and nearly bending under the weight, now came tumbling in heavy masses, with tremendous crash, on the smooth and deep flagged passages below, and re-echoing from the vaulted walls in the interior of the prison, resembled the noise of a distant but approaching cannonade. It was near the hour of midnight—all were aroused—the alarm excited was almost beyond the bounds

of belief. The prison authorities were palsied with terror. The sentries paced their solitary rounds, in vain looking for relief, and expecting momentary destruction; the prisoners alone were unmoved, for the imagined cannon of the foe menaced no ill to the captive in the cell. At this period of unprecedented alarm, no idea of resistance was entertained for a moment to the emancipation of all within. We were addressed by the prison authorities, with every expression of confidence and kindness. They were unmeasured in their professions of respect —they deplored the privations we had encountered—they shifted the blame from themselves to a higher quarter, and implored the protection of the prisoners of state. A little time, however, disclosed the cause of alarm; terror subsided—confidence was resumed, and the sentry again proclaimed "All's well."

Among the many interesting occurrences which took place during the period of our tedious imprisonment, the following anecdote deserves to be recorded; it developes the genuine feeling of the Irish heart, and displays the native sensibility of an unlettered, but generous mind. As our arrests had caused a lively sensation amongst our countrymen, many expressed the greatest desire to visit our prison. Frequent

attempts were made to gain admission, but disappointment as often followed, after fruitless expenditure on the part of our friends. The innocent and persevering Cotney effected more in his rude and simple manner than the wealthy or more courteous could accomplish; in fact, he found entrance, for his lively humour and homely appearance occasioned neither suspicion nor alarm. "In the name of God," cried I, shaking the honest rustic by the hand as he entered my cell, "how did you procure admission, and what brought you here?"—"I came in by the big door," said Cotney, "where the red rascals are swaggering about yonder for want of something to do." "And what would you have them to do, Cotney?" said I.—"To leave that, and be d——d to them," was the reply. I smiled at the simplicity of my friend, whose significant remark conveyed more than his words at first seemed to import. "But, my honest fellow, though you passed the red rascals without, how did you escape the watchful Cerberus within?"—"I escaped nothing at all," said Cotney, "but if he was the devil's *brush*, I bothered him."

Though my long seclusion from the world had in some degree rendered me a stranger to the rustic humour of his native mountains, I enjoyed this naïve observation with the most

heartfelt delight. I was unable to repress the tear which startled in my eye, while home, country, and friends, all flashed upon my heart. "But, Cotney—seriously, my friend, what brought you here, a long journey, slender means, and in times like these much peril to encounter?" "Long enough;" said poor Cotney with a sigh, "for I thought every step a mile till I reached your honour's house; but for means, if it is money you mean, I thank God here's means enough for us both;" and with an arch countenance, and a significant smile, taking a small leathern purse from his pocket, he poured out its contents. "But the risk of the journey," said I, "and little entertainment, my poor fellow, on the way?" "O sweet bad luck to the man that would look for entertainment *now*," cried Cotney. "Is it when you are all in gaol? But—" with an animated countenance which at the same time expressed confidence and delight, "but the hills will ring yet, avourneen, for you sha'n't be long here;" and doffing the trusty frieze which enveloped his manly form, he implored me to put it on, and in the exchange of our dress to effect my escape. "And what," said I, my eye firmly bent on the expressive countenance of my devoted friend, "And what, my faithful fellow, would be your

fate, were it possible I could accede to your wishes, or succeed in the attempt?" "I would die in your place," he exclaimed; "it was that brought me here"—and with a composure of countenance, which bespoke the firm determination of his mind—"they may hang me if they please, but *you* will be safe—and the Lord will have mercy on *my* soul."

There is no situation in life where the true character of a man is sooner developed than within the walls of a prison. Here the narrow minded and timid betray their selfishness and fears—the generous and brave display their energies of soul; and here the religious and the hypocrite are divested of the covering which the humility of the one, or the artifice of the other had assumed. It is here that man appears in his native colouring, undisguised by art, and uninfluenced by the applause or the censure of the world. Though vice in a great degree predominates, a prison is not always the nursery of crime. Many, it is true, have sunk into habits of immorality, but some have been reclaimed from error and vice. Of this latter class was the unfortunate Kerr. Personal terror, operating on the weakness of an uncultivated mind, had induced him to lodge criminal informations of a political nature against four in-

dividuals, respectable members of society, whose fate rested on the testimony he had given, and whose death would have involved their families in the most irremediable distress.

The spy and informer have always found encouragement in the bloody annals of Ireland's distress; but in the present period, there was a systematic arrangement of villany and fraud, which gave importance to the situation of those detestable monsters; and by identifying them in some degree with the government of the day, raised them to a rank and importance in the political scale, in proportion to the sanguinary duties, which none but the most infamous and abandoned could be found to perform. Hence the life of the most respectable individual was not a moment secure, when personal resentment or political intrigue had marked him the victim of suspicion or revenge. These hired monsters and traffickers in human blood lived under the countenance and protection of power, and assumed an authority and importance which was but too often and too fatally felt. Depraved by nature, and familiarised to the most appalling scenes of distress, they sinned with impunity against every law human and divine, and were regarded with that horror by their fellow men, which, were it possible to form the idea, the

virtuous soul might be supposed to feel, should it come in contact with the damned. Those reckless ruffians, who rioted on the unhallowed hire of perjury and blood, fabricated plots, feigned conspiracies, and in the hour of Ireland's distress perpetrated more misery than was even inflicted by the sword. Families were made desolate, and whole districts laid waste, while the informer and the executioner walked hand in hand; and from the infamous testimony of the most depraved and abandoned of men, virtue and innocence found no appeal. Oh! if ever horror appalled the human heart, it was on the exhibition of a scene the most revolting to human nature. The informer had singled out his victim, and the executioner had performed his office; the head had been severed from the lifeless trunk,—but another object was to undergo the disgusting operation; it was the body of a comely youth, which the afflicted mother, after its suspension, had received into her arms. She had borne his death with the fortitude which Christian resignation imparts, but fell senseless at the mutilation of her darling child—while the unfeeling executioner, with the most hardened composure, in extricating the body from the mother's lifeless grasp, placed the knife, reeking with the blood of his former vic-

tim, in a horizontal position across his mouth, and grinned the most hellish smile of self-approbation at the adroitness with which he performed his brutal office.

Some of those favoured informers fell the victims to popular revenge; some, the abandoned outcasts of society, sought refuge in self-destruction; and others, when no longer serviceable to their vile employers, sunk under the hand of outraged justice, deserted by those who had encouraged and protected them in their course of blood.

In the class of informers, the case of the unhappy Kerr was innocence when compared with the infamy of others. Personal fear had operated on a timid mind, which circumstance was eagerly caught hold of by the petty despot of the village near which the unhappy man resided; and in the moment of terror, he was led, by the hopes of self preservation, to the implication of others. The four men against whom Kerr lodged his information experienced a rigorous confinement in their county prison; and as the period for their trial approached, great anxiety was entertained for their safety. The informer was confined in a remote quarter of *our* prison, and the better to conceal his dangerous design he was represented by the autho-

rities as a prisoner of state deeply involved in political crime, and guarded if possible with more than ordinary precaution. But the secret was soon discovered which the wary governor was so anxious to conceal. An interview was procured with the unfortunate Kerr; by whom or by what means it is unnecessary to state.

The principal actor in this scene was young, and of an ardent and lively disposition; he was influenced by two powerful motives, love of country and humanity to the distressed. He disguised his person and aspect, gave an artificial colouring to his hair, habited himself in a half-worn suit of black, substituting for the lively collar of green, the grave-folded clerical lawn, and with the accompaniment of a breviary and a snuff-box, he was tolerably well-equipped as a young and zealous divine. A golden key opened the padlock to Kerr's cell. The moment proved favourable—the mind of the unfortunate man, lowered by the painful restrictions of his confinement, and perhaps touched with remorse, was in a condition to receive the impression of pious admonition and advice;—neither was spared. Happily the feelings of virtue were not yet extinct in his soul. The horrors of his situation were depicted in the most lively colouring, and the misery which a prosecution would

inevitably entail, both on himself and on the families of the unhappy victims, whose thread of life was spun by his hand, while his heart perhaps recoiled from the work of death. The nerves of Kerr were touched;—his glimmering lamp nearly exhausted, indistinctly exhibited his pallid countenance and emaciated form, which were in perfect character with his gloomy and miserable abode. He addressed his friendly visitor, whose habit and appearance so well bespoke the consoling minister of religion; he thanked him for his charitable advice,—he pressed his hand,—he implored his pious prayers,—and earnestly besought him to return and impart to him the *consolations of religion*. "I would fain", said his youthful and charitable instructor, who, admonished by this *serious* appeal, now began to reflect that he was not in reality the character which he had assumed,—"I would fain return and impart every consolation in my power to afford, but the risk is great, and were it known that I had visited this cell without a written permission from the secretary of state, my sacred calling would not protect me from the severest punishment." "May Heaven protect you," said the unfortunate Kerr, "you have brought peace and consolation to my dungeon. For seven months I have not seen the

face of man, save the surly turnkey who brings me my daily food, such as it is, neither plenty nor good in its kind; and yet the secretary informed me I should be treated as a 'prisoner of state.' Oh God, *such state* has nearly broke my heart;—were I once free!—but—" "Hold, my friend," exclaimed his pious monitor, "Christian charity teaches Christian forgiveness. Had your unfortunate countrymen poured out *seven months' malediction* against you for the misery they have experienced, the wrongs they have sustained, the privations they have borne, and the domestic afflictions their wives and children have been doomed to suffer, it is neither in a habitable prison nor in the mansion of animated clay that your soul would now reside, but, in the language of incontrovertible truth, in the *blaze of perdition.* But the mercies of Providence are above all his works, and the door of forgiveness is never closed against the repentant sinner." These words were pronounced with a solemnity of speech and gravity of deportment which struck the heart of the unhappy Kerr; and again he implored the pious intercession of his charitable guide, and the forgiveness of those whom his weakness or his wickedness had wronged.

"It has been a fortunate work," exclaimed ——, on regaining his companions,—"we have rescued

four men from death, and Kerr from perdition." The intelligence was conveyed to the friends and advocates of the unfortunate gentlemen, which was tantamount to a reprieve from the arm of death. The hour of trial approached, Kerr was conveyed to the castle, where he received his instructions from the advisers of the state; the worn-out garments of the prison were replaced by new and more becoming attire; he proceeded on his journey to the county of D——, escorted by dragoons with all the pomp of a judge of assize, for in those days the government informers were always protected by a military guard. He appeared in court. The prisoners were arraigned,—acquitted,—and returned in triumph to their homes, for *honest* Kerr was no longer a government informer. Of the four gentlemen who were the subjects of this anecdote two I believe are yet living. I know not what political opinions they may *now* hold, but they are men of truth, and will recognize the occurrence should this page ever meet their eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

Funeral processions—Opposed by the civil authorities—Murmurs of the people—Warm display of public feeling—Harvest—Fresh proscriptions—Wanton conflagrations—Church militant—Vindictive outrage.

THE delight we had experienced in the preservation of four virtuous lives was followed by the most poignant distress for the victim of an early grave—youth, innocence and beauty were consigned to the tomb; and the hand that records her virtues even at this distant period, stops to wipe off the tear that flows from the recollection of her sensibility and worth.

The circumstances attending the death of this amiable girl are of too interesting a nature to be omitted. Her brother, Mr. Henry Haslett, a respectable merchant of Belfast, was one of the companions of our prison. He had an only child whom he loved with an affection bordering on weakness; this child was the sole amusement of his solitary hours, and, too young to afford

any subject for suspicion, had daily access to the prison. But the father's fleeting happiness was soon blighted; his son caught a contagious disease, whilst his sister, in watchful solicitude on the child, inhaled the fatal malady which consigned one of the fairest daughters of Ireland to an untimely grave.

Never shall I forget the impression which this mournful event caused in the circle of our little commonwealth. The lovely subject of our distress had been endeared to us all, not less by the sweetness of her disposition than the fascinating powers of a cultivated mind. Her brother's happiness was the object of her most anxious concern, but the benevolent feelings of her heart extended to every soul in distress. It was impossible to exclude her visits from the prison; for, from the surly turnkey to the cold and impenetrable man of office, her voice acted as a talisman on the most obdurate heart. Her presence dispelled every gloom, as the cheering messenger of Heaven. But the meteor which dazzled the eye and enraptured the heart, was only for a moment exhibited to the world to raise the affections from terrestrial scenes, and elevate them to a purer sphere—soft as the summer breeze and mild as the early breath of spring, her gentle spirit left the clay-clad form,

which was borne by the hand of affection to the far distant tomb. The daughters of Erin strewed garlands in the way—thousands of youthful patriots surrounded the bier,—and in the mournful procession of an hundred miles, every town and hamlet paid homage to the virtues of the dead. I have in vain endeavoured to procure a copy of the eloquent oration which the venerable Dixon pronounced at her tomb *.

The proud but sincere tribute of respect which was paid to the virtues of this interesting female, seemed to have formed a precedent for the sepultural honours which were now generally extended to all those who died at this period, entitled to the confidence and attachment of their countrymen. The enthusiasm of the people on these occasions was unbounded. The immense concourse which thronged the funeral processions became a subject of alarm to the government, and the civil power interposed its authority to repress this display of national feeling. But their interference was received with bitter remonstrance, and sometimes resistance, on the part of the people. "You have incarcerated", said they, "our friends and our brothers in dun-

* The Rev. William Steel Dixon, Presbyterian minister at Portaferry, in the province of Ulster.

geons; you deny them the right of trial, and to screen your iniquity, you have suspended the laws of the land: if guilty, bring them to the bar of justice; if innocent, restore them to their homes! Are their wives to live in a perpetual state of widowhood? and are the children to be deprived of support, while the fathers pine in prison, the victims of an arbitrary enactment*, more cruel and unjust than the prompt sentence of death from your sanguinary tribunals? Will you carry your resentment even beyond the grave? and shall the rights of sepulture be denied because a just tribute is paid to the virtues of the dead?"

Never perhaps was the popular mind more roused than at this moment, nor more generous feelings evinced by a brave and a kind hearted people. Where the families of the prisoners were large and the means not abundant for their support, their children were taken by their more opulent neighbours, and treated with the most kind and paternal affection. When the proprietor of a farm was removed, the neighbouring populace assembled, tilled his ground, made up his harvest, planted or dug out his potatoes, as the season of the year was suited to

* Suspension of the "Habeas Corpus."

the work; and from the immense numbers who pressed forward on these occasions to testify their respect for the individual or attachment to the popular cause, the labour of the season has frequently been accomplished in the course of a few hours *. A rustic dance usually closed the labours of the day, when the peasantry retired peacefully to their respective homes, the multitude breaking up into small bands, each taking its destined rout, singing as they marched their favourite national airs, and combining discipline and regularity in all their movements.

Providence had been peculiarly bountiful this.

* The following are extracts from the principal journals of Ulster, 1796.

October 14th.—"We have hitherto abstained from mentioning the curious circumstance that has repeatedly happened of late, of multitudes of people assembling to cut down the harvest of different persons. As faithful historians of public proceedings, we give the following general view of these matters as far as we have received information of them:—

"Eldred Pottinger, Esq. of Mount Pottinger, had twelve acres of oats cut down in thirteen minutes and a half. A poor man in the same neighbourhood had two acres cut by the same reapers, during the time he was lighting his pipe. Mr. William Orr, near Antrim, (*at present in Carrickfergus gaol*), had his entire harvest cut down by near six hundred of his neighbours in a few hours. Mr. Rowley Osborne, of this town (*now in Newgate*), had forty ricks of hay stacked in a short time by an immense number of his neighbours, without the formality of a horse or car. Mr. William Weir, of Dun-

season, and blessed the land with abundance. The farmer had a plentiful return; his granary was well stored; his crops had been got up in good order, and no man anticipated poverty or want. But in this moment of confidence and security, his hopes were blasted by the severest scourge which the tyranny of man could inflict on the human race.

The gaols were now crowded with prisoners. Many private houses were turned into military provosts, floating prisons had been established, and the loathsome tenders stationed round the coasts, received the surplus of the victims, which the land prisons were inadequate to contain*.

murry (*now in prison*), had 2,360 stooks of grain and thirty-eight ricks of hay carried in and completely stacked and thatched in three hours. Mr. Fitzgerald, of Sandy-bay (*at present in Carrickfergus gaol*), had his crop cut down in a similar manner. Mrs. Clark, of Swatragh (*whose son is in prison*), had her harvest cut down in two hours: in the evening of the same day, they returned and carried all the hay in the meadow to the stack-yard and stacked it."—BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

October 20th.—"About 1500 people assembled, and in *seven minutes* dug a field of potatoes belonging to Mr. Samuel Nelson of this town (*now in Kilmainham gaol*)."—NORTHERN STAR.

* One of the leading public prints of the day, commenting on this subject, observes, "New lists of proscription are made out, new warrants for high treason issued, and numbers daily added to the black and inhuman catalogue; and names are talked of, of such distinguished integrity and honour, that it looks as if the felons alone were to remain outside of the gaols."

A considerable portion of the army was dispersed in small cantonments, through the most populous and fertile districts, and under pretext of searching for the disaffected they scoured the country, committing the most wasteful depredations. The people naturally fled at their approach; absence was construed into guilt, and disappointed of their victim, the army laid waste, with an indiscriminate hand, house, furniture, corn, cattle, and sometimes innocent and unoffending inmates have perished in the flames which enveloped the property in ruin. Merciful God! what must have been the nature of that man whose heart could devise, or whose hand could subscribe to deeds so foul and detestable. Let it not be said, that these acts of inhumanity, and outrage on the laws of God and nature, were committed without the approval or sanction of authority; it is notorious that men, holding his majesty's commission of the peace, and some clothed in the sacred mantle of religion, were not unfrequently the most forward and unfeeling in those scenes of desolation and blood. I knew a reverend divine in the vicinity of the capital, who having burnt the property of a respectable farmer in his neighbourhood, and a parishioner of his own, returned back to the scene of conflagration, and *with his own hand committed to the flames two sacks of*

corn and meal which the unhappy mother, with the assistance of her female domestics, had secreted; to feed, in the hour of calamity, her houseless and unprotected children; and yet the perpetrator of this disgraceful outrage was promoted to high honours and emolument in the church—a just reward for his humanity and moral virtues! The bad effects from uniting the magisterial with the sacerdotal character, have, independent of the present, been conspicuous on too many occasions, and particularly where party dissensions prevailed, or litigated cases of tithe have come before this lay ecclesiastical tribunal.

It was my fortune, more than once, to witness the zeal with which the church militant performed its civil and military functions. On one occasion, the pious rector, W——, escorted a party of military to the house of a friend, who had sheltered me from the licensed assassins that were laying waste the neighbourhood, and committing the most unprovoked and wanton excesses; my person was known to this meek minister of peace, and he came in the garb of a friend, the better to betray. I eluded, however, his search, for being apprised by an honest peasant of the situation in which he had posted his party, I escaped the snare; but unfortunately for my kind and hospitable host, in

retaliation he was made prisoner, escorted to the next military provost, stripped of his clothes, and in the presence of his distracted wife, tied up to the bloody triangles!

Having been imperceptibly led into a long digression, I return to that period of my narrative painfully interesting, and combining but too much of domestic with national misfortune! As yet the system of free quarters had not commenced; great and shameful acts of atrocity had been perpetrated, but so far, the army had not been *generally let loose* on the people; there was still some little effort to uphold a show of legislative authority, and in the execution of those acts which deprived the citizen of life and his children of bread, several of the more humane amongst the British officers refused to bear a part, without the co-operation of the civil magistrate, whose presence alone was deemed sufficient guarantee for the violation of every law of humanity and justice. Some were not influenced by feelings of so delicate a nature; and others, even outstepping, if possible, the bounds of ministerial depravity, seemed only to experience delight in proportion to the misery they inflicted on their fellow-men. Amongst this class of monsters was the corps of Ancient Britons; humanity shudders in re-

viewing their acts, while the pen of the historian would be polluted in recording the disgusting scenes.

When the life of a virtuous individual had escaped the sword of the assassin, or his unassailable conduct and character formed a shield against the informer's malice, his property was doomed a prey to lawless outrage, and an hour has transferred him from independence to ruin. Many were the occurrences of this nature; one will be sufficient to illustrate the temper of the times, and the injustice of the government that sanctioned the perpetration of acts which no law of expedience or necessity could justify.

My father, whose open and manly character afforded so little room for calumny or misrepresentation, that even the hired informer stopped in his career of infamy, and more than once refused the proferred price for his impeachment, was now the marked victim of ministerial vengeance. In the blush of open day, within the immediate vicinity of two garrisoned towns, an active magistracy, and an armed police, his property was assailed, the most *deliberate* devastation committed, and his entire establishment, in the course of a few hours, was left a desolate ruin. My mother, with my sisters, was received with much kindness and hospi-

tality by her brother, a gentleman of considerable fortune, on the borders of Meath, a man of warm heart, gentle disposition, and courteous manners; and, though imbued with the sentiments of that portion of the Catholic aristocracy who were opposed to the system of union, he was not deficient in personal courage, nor insensible to the feelings of fraternal regard, and his house afforded an asylum to his female relations, whilst the male branches of the family were almost universally proscribed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Prison scene—Petition to the throne for dismissal of ministers.

It was about this period that my father received permission, for the first time, to visit me in my prison. Our meeting was not without deep interest to both. I was conversing with two of my fellow prisoners, Nelson and M'Cracken, on the subject of the late occurrence, when my father entered my cell. We looked for a moment on each other without uttering a word. His fine form and features appeared to have undergone some change since we parted, and perhaps the unwholesome restraint of a prison had not improved my external appearance. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, folding me in his arms, "the tyranny of man cannot fetter the mind, nor sever the tie that unites the kindred soul." Turning to my companions, he saluted them with a feeling which was heightened by the peculiar situation in which we were relatively placed:—then addressing my friend Nelson and

pointing to me, while his countenance bespoke a mingled feeling of pleasure and pain, "The atmosphere of a prison, I perceive, is not favourable to the bloom of youthful plants." "We will bloom yet," said Nelson, "on the mountain's brow, where the wild heath blossoms without *parliamentary permission*." Nelson's observation caused a general smile, for since the late arbitrary enactments and base servility of the Irish legislature, the term *parliamentary permission* was proverbially used to express the general contempt in which the nation held the scandalous venality of the Irish parliament.

As my father's visit was limited to an hour—that hour glided too rapidly for the indulgence of our conversation,—he was soon given to understand that it was time to retire. "One word, my dear child," said he, "before we part. I know the sensibility of your heart, and that the only matter which can disquiet your mind, is the consideration of what your mother and I may experience in consequence of your arrest, and the hostile feelings of the administration towards my family; but let not this disturb you, we shall meet that hostility with firmness. And though our hearts are inseparably linked with your happiness and safety, *we are prepared for the worst that tyranny and injustice can inflict*."—

Then pressing his hand on my head, and endeavouring to conceal the emotions of his heart, he pronounced in a tone of voice which I shall never forget, "God bless you." Nelson and M'Cracken were scarcely less moved than myself; we were silent,—we were sorrowful;—but recovering our firmness, and ashamed of the momentary weakness we had betrayed, we grasped each other by the hand, and in the bond of union vowed *eternal hostility to the enemies of our country.*

The ills which my father had so lately sustained were only the precursors of greater misfortunes. He had committed an offence which the government could never pardon. He had dared to call the attention of the monarch to the afflicted state of Ireland, and to implore his majesty to dismiss his wicked and unprincipled ministers from his presence and his councils for ever. The following document which I have copied from the records of the day, will remain an imperishable monument of the injustice of the government and the miseries of the people.

"The Humble PETITION of the FREEHOLDERS of the county of ANTRIM, convened by public notice from the high Sheriff, at BALLYMENA, on Monday, May the 8th, 1797.—The Honourable Chichester Skeffington, High Sheriff, in the chair, Luke Teeling, Esquire, Secretary.

"TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

"SIRE,

"We, the Freeholders of the county of Antrim, in the kingdom of Ireland, feel it our indispensable duty to your Majesty, to ourselves, and to our country, at this awful crisis, to approach the throne with a representation of our most intolerable and most unmerited sufferings; and we do conjure your Majesty by that great covenant which binds the sovereign and the subject in the reciprocal duty of allegiance and protection, and in the awful presence of God, not to suffer those advisers against whom we prefer our just complaints, to add to the catalogue of their offences that of shutting your eyes or your ears to the dangers of your empire or the miseries of your people.

"They have involved us in a war, of which the motives and the conduct have marked their injustice and incapacity, and of which the dis-

astrous event seems reserved by Providence as a dreadful example of unprovoked and frustrated oppression. Innoxious only to the enemy, its fury and havoc have recoiled only on ourselves, in the waste of blood, in the profusion of treasure, in the destruction of private industry and happiness, in the depravation of public integrity, in the loss of character, in the decay of liberty, and, finally, in the ruin of commercial credit.

"Such are the fatal consequences which the empire has to charge upon the advisers of this most calamitous war; but they form only part of the crimes and the sufferings which have deformed and degraded your kingdom of Ireland.

"Your Majesty's ministers have laboured in this country, and with the most fatal success, to destroy the third estate of the legislature, and reduce the government to an arbitrary despotism, by bribing the representatives of the people to betray their constituents in parliament; and this crime, if capable of aggravation, they have aggravated by the most public avowal of the fact.

"They have laboured with the most remorseless perseverance to revive those senseless and barbarous religious antipathies, so fatal to morals and to peace, and so abhorrent to the mild and merciful spirit of the gospel.

"They have answered our demands for a full and fair participation of the rights and privileges of the British constitution, and our just complaints of their rapacity, corruption, and oppression, by the most atrocious calumnies against our characters, and the most merciless prosecutions against our lives; and in order more effectually to organize the system of vengeance and servitude, they have endeavoured through the medium of *spies* and *informers*, 'those baleful instruments of despotism,' to destroy public confidence, and poison the intercourse of private life. They have employed the forms of that legislation of which they have destroyed the substance in the enaction of penal laws, by which they have successively abrogated the right of *arms* for self protection, the right of being free from arbitrary arrest and imprisonment, and that sacred right of *trial* by a *jury* of our *country*: rights, for the protection of which, '*the united will of a people resolved to be free*' called your Majesty's illustrious family to the throne.

"One enormity only remained unattempted by your Majesty's ministers, and upon that too they have at last presumed to adventure; 'to set up a prerogative avowedly against the law,'

and to let loose upon your subjects all the horrors of licentious power and military force, by sending bands of mercenaries in every direction, unattended in general by civil or even military officers, to plunder the houses (once the sanctuaries of your faithful people) of those arms which were necessary for their protection and their defence, which form such an essential feature of discrimination between the freeman and the slave, and which, when assistance could not be obtained from your Majesty's ministers, they *voluntarily* wielded in defence of your person and government.

"Such are the measures by which the submission that the prerogative owes to the law has been blasphemously disclaimed; by which the constitution has given place to the bayonet, and the people have been put out of the protection of the peace; by which numbers of our fellow-subjects have been banished without even the forms of a trial, or are crowded into dungeons, and this only because they have dared to unite together in the vindication of common right, in the just and legal resistance of common oppression, in the kind and brotherly consolation of common suffering.

"Such, Sire, are the grievances of a people

who know that their title to liberty is from God and nature, which no human law can abrogate, nor authority take away.

"Had your Majesty's people of Ireland, 'without regard to religious distinction,' been fully and fairly represented in the commons house of parliament, the evils of which we complain could never have existed. We do therefore implore your Majesty, as you value the happiness of your people, to aid them in the speedy attainment of that inestimable blessing.

"We do hereby prefer to the justice of our King, this our complaint against those wicked and unprincipled ministers, who, to the inseparable calamities of war, have with the most wanton cruelty, superadded the horrors of intestine tyranny and proscription, alike regardless of the rights of Ireland and of the union and safety of the empire. *And we pray your Majesty to dismiss them from your presence and councils for ever.*"

CHAPTER IX.

Crowded prisons—Ministerial economy—Enlargement of some of the prisoners of state—Ultra loyalty—Consequences—General Lawless.

How to support the immense multitudes who now crowded the gaols, the tenders, and military provosts, became a matter of serious consideration to the more economical members of the administration, and arrests were for a period less frequent. The prisons in consequence by degrees were sensibly thinned by the hand of power, or the hand of death. A few were liberated on the application of friends who were fortunate enough to possess influence with some of the leading members of administration. We were deprived of the society of a dear and much-beloved friend, the humane and enlightened Crawford. We regretted his loss on account of the acquisition we had derived from his mental and professional acquirements, but we rejoiced in his liberation, which restored to society one of its most valued members, and to our country one of its purest patriots. The cause of his liberation was as ho-

nourable to his professional talents, as gratifying to his friends. His course of practice being extensive, embracing all the respectability of the wealthy and populous province of Ulster, his absence was a subject of serious alarm, and to the real was added the imaginary disease. A general memorial was addressed to the viceregal throne, praying that the worthy Doctor might be restored to liberty, and his political sins forgiven him—sins, if he had any, which sprung from a generous breast; for never was there a truer heart, or one more devoted to Ireland, in the day of her distress. He bade us farewell, while his soul seemed to linger with us; but in quitting the friends he loved, he returned to a home endeared by the fondest domestic remembrances.

Crawford was a man of no ordinary talent and mental endowments. He was the early advocate of union and reform; he was a distinguished member of the Irish Volunteers; and as he was amongst the first to take up arms in this great national cause, so was he one of the last who reluctantly laid them down. His influence and connections were extensive, and had Government seriously apprehended danger to the state, few men could be found more formidable in his native province; and yet he was liberated without

even the mockery of a trial, or the formalities of bail, whilst others, inferior to him in political influence, wasted the vigour of life in prison, vainly demanding trial, or offering the most ample security, even for a temporary enlargement, for the adjustment of their domestic concerns. But even-handed justice was not the policy of the state. The energies of the strongest minds were sometimes enfeebled; and it was only with an exhausted frame and a ruined fortune, that the captive was at last restored to blessings which he could no longer enjoy. What was the reply of a member of the Irish administration, when pressed by the benevolent Earl of F——k, to extend the rights of trial, or even the common rights of humanity, to a venerable gentleman, after an unmerited incarceration of nearly four years? "A large portion of his property, I admit, has been a prey to outrage, and I also admit, that the tender's hold and the dungeon's damp might have injured a stronger frame; but his fortune is not *yet* exhausted, and his influence is still formidable to the Government." The unfeeling minister is no more, and the victim of his vengeance rests in his hallowed tomb; but the noble earl yet lives, an honour to his country, and the uncompromising advocate of her rights.

Personal jealousies and the vindictive feelings

of weak minds had been too much associated with the mal-administration of the day; and the prejudice of party, polluting the channels of justice, had given an ascendancy to one portion of society, which roused the resentment and confirmed the hostility of the other. Men, notorious for every moral and political depravity, were distinguished by the favour of government, and exercised the most wanton display of authority as ignorance or interest might suggest. The administration of the country perceived the evil, but had neither the firmness nor the justice to redress it. Hence men of moderate political temperament were victims to the suspicion or the resentment of those, who admitted no medium between the ardour of the democrat and the submissive loyalty of the mere tool to power. That fiery zeal which acknowledged no moral or constitutional guide, has often driven men, distinguished through life by the purest constitutional principles, to acts of the most unmeasured resistance. The gallant Perry, whose extraordinary campaign evinced a military science which would not have dishonoured a more experienced veteran in arms, might have remained to this hour the tranquil proprietor of his paternal domain, had not those monopolists of exclusive loyalty dared to im-

pedch of disaffection at heart that was the generous seat of every manly virtue. Perry was a Protestant gentleman, of independent fortune, liberal education, and benevolent mind, and nurtured in the very principles which placed the family of the present monarch on the British throne; and yet, in those days of licensed outrage, he experienced every indignity which low and vulgar brutality was permitted with impunity to inflict. He was arrested on suspicion, personally abused, dragged like a felon to the common guard-house, his hair was closely cropped, and his head rubbed with moistened gunpowder, to which a lighted match was applied, for the amusement of a military rabble!

Why was the gallant Lawless driven to the arms of France? And why did Acton's generous proprietor forego the enviable honors of his rank, to cling with desperate fidelity to a desperate cause? *They* were not men of turbulent spirit or disaffected mind. The flowery path of science was the walk of one, rural enjoyments the delight of the other, while a noble disinterestedness of soul was the acknowledged characteristic of both. The former was distinguished for the highest professional talents, remarkable for the suavity of his manners and

the classical refinement of his taste. He displayed a military science and courage in the armies of France which won the admiration of the great Napoleon, elevated him to the highest honours of military rank, and bedewed his grave with the tears of his brave companions in arms.*

* On the British troops taking possession of Walcheren, Lawless evinced a boldness and intrepidity of courage which commanded the respect of the contending armies. He maintained his post with the most heroic bravery, and preserved the honour of the French arms in protecting the national flag, with which, wrapped around his body, he plunged into the waves, and swam to an open boat a considerable distance from the shore; then proudly exhibiting the standard of France amidst a shower of bullets from the beach, he bore it off in triumph. This gallant officer was the near relative of my valued friend, my talented and distinguished countryman, John Lawless, Esq.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Secretary Cooke—Momentary hopes of conciliation—frustrated—Irish exiles in Prussia—Foreign states—Injurious policy of Britain.

WITH youth on my side, and a naturally good constitution, and possessing, in common with my countrymen, a tolerable flow of animal spirits, I was enabled to bear up against the rigours of a tedious imprisonment, and the domestic misfortunes in which my family had been involved. But disease had now visited the prison, and a severe attack of fever, against which I long struggled, proved an over-match for the native vigour of my constitution: the resistance with which I had met its approaches served only to increase the disease. On the representation of my friends, supported by the testimony of my kind and benevolent physician *, (and here I would fain pay a tribute of

* Dr. Christopher Teeling, for many years an eminent physician in the city of Dublin.

respect to that venerated character, whose talents and whose virtues will only be appreciated, when society shall be deprived of the enjoyment,) in the second week of my illness, I was removed from the prison by an order from the secretary of state, and conveyed to the house of a venerable lady, the widow of Captain Thomas M'Donnell, an officer of distinguished worth in the British service. Here I experienced the most kind and maternal attention: nor did the warmest attachment to the crown, and the most conscientious adherence to the religion of the state, oppose any barrier to that generous hospitality which she fearlessly extended to the proscribed and oppressed.

Previous to my removal from prison, I was required by government to provide bonded security to the amount of four thousand pounds, that on the restoration of my health my person should be again placed within the walls of the prison, or held at the disposal of the law officers of the crown.

To the professional ability of my kind medical friend, under the aid of divine Providence, I was indebted for a perfect though tedious recovery. My fever was succeeded by debility, under which I long laboured; I took the earliest opportunity, however, of returning strength to

wait on Mr. Cooke, then assistant secretary of state, to redeem the pledge which my friends had given, by surrendering myself to the government authorities. When I alighted from my carriage, I was surprised at the military display which the castle of Dublin presented; it bore more the appearance of a citadel besieged, than the peaceful residence of the civil authorities. Every man was dressed in military costume. The clerks of office frisked about like young cadets, who, though vain of their dress and appointments, were not yet familiarised with their use. Such of the law officers as I encountered had exchanged their sable for scarlet, and presented the most grotesque appearance;—a perfect caricature of the military profession. Some of the Aldermanic body who happened to be in attendance, were so completely metamorphosed, that even the inventive imagination of Shakspeare could have produced no forms more extraordinary, or more opposite in nature to the human race;—a combination of German moustaches, with Prussian cues extending from the cumbrous helmet which covered the tonsured crown of years, the gross unwieldy paunch supported by a belt cracking under the weight of turtle and savory ragouts. The immense rotundity projecting beyond the

scanty skirt of a light horseman's jacket, formed an appearance not more disgusting to the eye, than unsuited to the saddle which was to bear the precious burthen of the gallant volunteer. "And are these", said I, "the heroes that were to contend with Hoche! Oh, blessed be the hour that raised the storm which protected *corporate* rights, and deprived the vulture of its prey."

My appearance at the castle excited some little feeling of inquisitorial observation, for I was the only man there who was not habited in the military costume of the day. In passing through the crowd, I was amused by the simple remark of an honest Irish sentinel on guard, who, contrasting my meagre frame and pale blanched cheek with the bloated countenances of the civic heroes around me, "Look Pat," said he, tapping his comrade on the shoulder, "he is thin to be sure, but I'll warrant, poor fellow, he has seen harder service than the best of them." I made my way through the circle to the ante-chamber of the secretary, which was crowded with needy expectants, bustling magistrates, and the numerous parasites that always flutter round the purlieus of office. I called the messenger in waiting, and without

regarding the usual ceremonies of castle etiquette, I handed him my card and requested he would present it to the assistant secretary of state. In a few minutes my name was announced. My ready admission seemed a matter of surprise to those around me, for many had long waited in anxious expectation, full of self-consequence, and deep fraught in idea with communications of the highest importance to the state.

The secretary received me with the urbanity of manners which always distinguishes the gentleman, and the courtesy which bespeaks a liberal mind. Perhaps we had both been mistaken in the character of each other; common fame had represented him as a man of cold calculating disposition, coarse and repulsive manners; and he, in all probability, had expected to encounter, in the person of a prisoner of state, the sanguinary regicide, the despoiler of altars and of thrones. He at once, however, perceived, that whatever might have been my disposition heretofore, my person now exhibited but slender physical powers of hostility to the government. "You appear weak and fatigued, sir," said he, "have the kindness to be seated." "I am come, Mr. Secretary," said I, "to re-

deem the pledge which my friends have given, and to surrender myself to the disposal of government."

The secretary, who from the nature of his official situation, must have been familiar with many cases of individual as well as public distress, had not perhaps heretofore encountered an interview with any of those who were the victims to tyranny and the suspension of law. He had now an opportunity of witnessing in my person the effects of both. He entered into conversation with me on the nature and extent of my imprisonment, and in our lengthened discourse he perhaps perceived, that the genuine principles of *liberty* were more deeply implanted in my bosom than the feelings of *hostility* or *revenge*. I spoke with an honest freedom, and in the warm glow of filial indignation against the unprovoked cruelties which my father and family had experienced. I arraigned the conduct of those who had perpetrated, and the passive injustice of those who had sanctioned the foul proceedings. "I am disposed," said he, "to concede much to the impetuosity of youth, in consideration of feelings which it were now more prudent to suppress than indulge;—but the wisdom of the legislature cannot be

questioned and the power of government must be exercised when milder measures have failed."

I felt indebted for the humane consideration which Mr. Cooke had *personally* evinced for the restoration of my health, and unwilling to trespass longer on the duties of his office, I begged of him to accept my surrender, and exonerate my friends from further responsibility on my account. The better feelings of nature on this occasion were not alienated by the cold and heartless duties of the man of office; his countenance betrayed a sensibility of which he himself, perhaps, was not conscious, and, with an expression of unaffected kindness, he asked me, "was I not yet tired of a prison?" "I accept," said he, "your surrender; your friends shall not be held further responsible, but it would be destructive to your health"—(and with a look which seemed to imply, "and painful to my own feelings")—"to remand you to prison. Your recovery depends much on exercise and the renovating air of the country; and at the approaching term for trial, should government be disposed to proceed on yours, leave me your address, and we shall apprise you." "I shall in the interim then," I observed, "proceed to the north, where the air of my native mountains will tend

to perfect the reestablishment of my health." "No, no," replied the secretary hastily, "not to the north, by no means to the north, remember you are still under the surveillance of government; we shall keep a watchful eye on you." "Permit me, at least, to visit my old fellow-prisoners, and favour me with an order of admission to *Kilmainham?*" "What, again to prison? Has your long residence there not been sufficient, that you are still desirous to return?" "I am desirous," I replied, "to visit the companions of my captivity, for our attachment is mutual and sincere, and could I say it without offence, persecution"——"Hold," said the secretary, "you shall have an order for admission *for once only*: remember it cannot extend beyond one visit."

There is a pleasure in recording acts of a benevolent nature; and while I, in common with my countrymen, detest, and shall ever detest the iniquitous measures which the government of Ireland pursued, while I shall denounce them to posterity and reprobate them with my latest breath, I should hold it uncandid to omit any opportunity of doing justice to the individual who could, even in one instance, so far depart from the foul system of oppression which marked the Camden administration as the most wan-

tonly cruel that ever disgraced the annals of a country. Cooke was a man of incessant labour, neither popular in his manners, nor remarkable for a mild, conciliatory disposition (the latter were not the qualities suited to the administration of the day). As he was considered cold and unfeeling, he shared in the general odium which was so justly attached to the government of Lord Camden; but on the present occasion he evinced a feeling which bespoke a mind not unfitted for milder pursuits, and which, like a verdant spot in a parched and dreary waste, appears more grateful when contrasted with the surrounding desolation. He discharged the unpopular duties of his office, in the opinion of many, with an inflexible severity; but I am bound to acknowledge, that towards me he displayed a kindness of disposition which I had not anticipated. At a period subsequent to that of which I now treat, when resistance to the government had ceased, and the insidious policy of the crafty Cornwallis had applied the lever to remove the foundation stone of Ireland's independence, and transfer her legislature to a foreign land, many who had escaped the fatal proscription of 1798 were still harassed and held in the most painful state of solicitude and alarm. Some were worn down with fatigue,

incessant watching, and nearly exhausted by famine, surrendered at discretion, while others preferred the security of the mountain top to the faith of the government. My father, who was at that time confined in the castle of Carrickfergus, received a proposal from government, that provided he and his entire family would emigrate, all further hostilities against them should be suspended. Fearing that anxiety for my safety might influence my father's mind, I addressed a message to Mr. Secretary Cooke, and proposed to surrender myself, provided he would *guarantee* me an *impartial* trial. This, perhaps, he had not the power to accomplish; his reply conveyed what might have been considered tantamount to it; at all events it expressed a feeling of humanity. "If he is safe," said he, "let him remain where he is, and no extra means shall be resorted to for his apprehension."

Another short anecdote, and I close the scene. A distinguished and venerable prelate of the Irish church declared*, that in a conversation with Mr. Cooke, in London, after his removal from office, the ex-secretary informed him, that prior to his quitting Ireland he conceived it a duty he owed to the tranquillity of the

* Dr. Hussey, Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford.

country, to destroy any documents in his hands which might prejudice the minds of his successors to the injury of individuals, whose feelings, though imprudently directed, it was now wiser to conciliate than to irritate.

This was a rational policy. Happy for Ireland had it been earlier acted on; but we have to deplore that men, whose education, connexions, and station in life, should have taught them to respect the milder feelings of humanity, gave loose to the most wanton and barbarous excesses, and in the exercise of cruelties unprecedented in any country but our own, debased the nature and attributes of man, while they rendered still more detestable the government of which they formed a part. Their cruelty is written in characters which no time can obliterate, and which, though the Divine precept instructs us to forgive, the feelings of human nature tell us we can never forget. Had they even dealt out to Ireland but a moiety of justice, the Irish heart would have acknowledged the boon; for there is not within the regions of the expanded earth, a being more sensitively alive to just and generous treatment; neither is there a foe more bold and determined when wrongs, real or imaginary, exist. Prodigal of life, he seeks redress; no enterprise is too daring; no peril too great. I

have seen him mount the breach—I have seen him force the line. I have been the early companion of his sorrows and his sufferings; his associate in the dungeon, the sharer of his toils and privations on the mountain top, with the canopy of heaven for his covering, and the flinty stone for his pillow. I have viewed him when separated from all the heart holds dear, surrounded by ruin, when life seems no longer a blessing, and the weakness of nature questions whether it be a sin to despair. In this chaos of misery, touch but the strain of his country's wrongs, and his own are forgotten. He seeks the despoiler, though surrounded by an iron host; and if victory crown the struggle, he raises what his hand had laid prostrate, for his enmity ceases with the strife. Firm in misfortune, generous and kind to excess, unsuspecting as brave, he is too often the dupe of artifice and deceit, and the arm that has so often shivered the chains of others, seems destined by a fatal policy to rivet his own.

For a short period, about the close of the year 1797, it appeared as if the government of Ireland was either disposed to conciliatory measures or had in some degree abandoned the idea of rousing the people to actual resistance;—the

coercive system, if not suspended, was certainly during this period less acted on. Had government been sincere, I have no hesitation in saying, that measures of conciliation would have been hailed with satisfaction by the people, and embraced with no less sincerity; but an object was to be obtained, and that object could never be accomplished while the physical strength of Ireland remained unbroken.

An amnesty, though not proclaimed, appeared in a great degree at present to exist. Many influential characters had been liberated from prison: no doubt their conduct was narrowly watched, but they walked abroad unmolested, and some individuals whose houses had been burned during the period of their imprisonment, confident of the good faith of government and returning tranquillity, had commenced the rebuilding of them.

What then was the object of the Irish government? Were they at length tired of the disgusting scenes which had taken place? Did they really feel compassion for the sufferings of a much injured country, or were they disposed, by restoring these men to society, who possessed influence with the people (and who certainly could not be less hostile to the govern-

ment from a recollection of the wrongs they had sustained) to afford an opportunity for the exercise of that influence in rousing their countrymen to a physical contest?' This mysterious proceeding was viewed by some with suspicion; the less reflecting believed government sincere. The former stood upon the defensive; the latter returned to their usual occupations of life. But short and delusive was the interval of repose; fresh severities were soon resorted to by the government, and renewed exertions for resistance by the people.

The disposition of the Irish soldiery had caused the most serious alarm; a few had fallen victims to their political feelings, but government seemed fearful of identifying the army with the people, by pushing these measures too far. The population was a growing subject of disquiet, and many were the plans devised then, as now, by modern saints and sapient legislators for arresting this *national evil*—all were abortive. The cold blooded projects of a Forster, and the exterminating sword of a Camden, proved alike ineffectual. Ireland presented then, as she does at the present day, a phenomenon in nature;—in poverty, though the most luxuriant soil on earth;—in bondage, while every heart pants to be free. The blessings within her reach

she seems destined not to enjoy, while domestic happiness is bartered for a precarious existence in a less favoured land.

The unwise policy for centuries pursued by England towards this unfortunate country, was never more conspicuous than about this period. Emigration was then the order of the day, but it was not voluntary emigration,—it was exile, it was banishment,—hence it was tyranny. Many, smarting under the lash of the Camden administration, would gladly have embraced an asylum in the United States; but an ungenerous policy on the part of the American government for a time interposed, and an alien act disgraced the legislature of that country which Irishmen had bled to emancipate. The days of her infant struggle had passed, but the imperishable fame of Montgomery could never be forgotten. Moylan, Carroll, and a thousand heroes may sleep in the silent tomb, but the remembrance of their virtues will be cherished while liberty is dear to the American heart. The adoption of this restrictive measure was regarded as proceeding more from the intrigues of the common enemy to freedom, than emanating from the genuine sentiments of the American mind.

We turn with pride to the enlightened Jefferson, while we record the memorable display of

feeling on this occasion, which did honour alike to the head and the heart of that illustrious statesman :—"Shall we," said he, "whose forefathers received hospitality from the savage of the desert, deny it to our brethren in distress; shall there be no spot left on this habitable globe for *The suffering friends of benevolence?*" This powerful appeal roused the republican mind. The act was rescinded, and America acquired additional strength from European numbers and talent.

But though the British government at that period would exclude the unfortunate Irishman from an asylum in the United States, they had no objection that he should fraternise with despotic Prussia, and numbers of our countrymen, with the broad brand of *rebel* on their front, were sent to work the mines, or recruit the armies of this northern monarch, weakened by the mad combination of kings, in their fruitless attempts against the liberties of republican France. Prussia, neither insensible to the acquisition of Irish talent nor the native intrepidity of the Irish people, gladly embraced the offer, and the lively sons of Hibernia were wafted to the Baltic, to fight for a cause which their souls abhorred, or to terminate a wretched existence in the deleterious bowels of the earth. This inhuman traf-

fic, however, was of short continuance, and the vile advisers of the measure had little cause to boast of its success. Many a gallant fellow, who ill could wear the *unfitting* livery of despotism, found his way to the victorious ranks of France, where promotion was the sure reward of his unconquerable zeal, when armed with vengeance in the cause of freedom. And thus terminated the weak and the wicked measure of that shallow politician, who, to drain the country of a useful population, strengthened the hands of a deadly foe. Strange infatuation, the desire of which still prevails; emigration or exile is to this hour the infallible nostrum for all the miseries of Ireland. Her internal resources would support treble her present population. Her soil, rich and luxuriant, like the genius of her people, supplies treasures to others without exhausting her own: while her sons, deprived of civil rights at home, are instrumental in establishing freedom in the most distant quarters of the globe. But it has been the policy of Britain from the first hour her footstep was imprinted on our shore, to render her name hateful to Ireland by the most flagrant acts of injustice; to irritate—to weaken—to divide; to insult every monument of national respect,—to deride every feeling of national pride. The sneer of imagined

superiority meets the native proprietor in every walk and station of life, and the most insidious means are employed to debase him in the world's estimation and his own. It is only in foreign states that his merits have obtained for him the proud distinction which intolerance denies him in the land of his birth. Where has Irish fidelity been wanting, or generous confidence been met by an ungrateful return? Neither in the ranks of the Germanic empire, nor in the heroic legions of France. The distinguished honours conferred by the Empress Maria Theresa are proud testimonials of the chivalrous fidelity of our countrymen, while the field of Fontenoy proclaims to Britain the fatal effects of violated faith *. But we need not travel to foreign

* "The field of Fontenoy was contested with the most obstinate courage by the allied troops of England, Hanover, &c. under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, and those of France under the veteran, Marshal Saxe. The battle was long and doubtful, but the fortune of the day promised victory to the allies. The troops of France were worsted in every quarter, and the attention of the commander was now chiefly directed to the personal safety of the monarch. In this hour of discomfiture and impending ruin, the French king addressed the veteran Saxe, and eagerly inquired, was there nothing left to uphold the honour of the day. 'I have yet,' replied the gallant Saxe, 'a small reserve. The Irish troops are fresh, but their numbers are few.' They were led to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of Cieniegeg er Louimenceigh

states for examples of Irish fidelity and valour. Britain cannot forget the lavish expenditure of augus er faule ne Sassinagh'*, was re-echoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful, and victory the most decisive crowned the arms of France.'—'Curse on the laws', exclaimed the British monarch, 'which deprive me of such subjects.'

I have extracted the foregoing anecdote from a journal of the campaigns of my maternal grand uncle, who bore a distinguished share in the honours of that day; and the following I report on the authority of his son, who served in the Irish brigade until its final departure from France in the early years of the revolution.

"We were under arms and about to march from France, after a century of military service, covered with military glory. We halted to receive the last salutations of the unfortunate Lewis the Sixteenth, in the person of Monsieur his brother. The scene was an affecting one. He advanced to the front of the brigade. The officers formed a circle round him. He addressed us under evident feelings of agitation,—many were honoured by the most flattering marks of his personal attention. 'We acknowledge, gentlemen,' said he, 'the invaluable services which France, during the lengthened period of a hundred years, has received from the Irish brigade; services which we shall never forget, though totally unable to repay. Receive this standard,' (it was embroidered with the shamrock and fleur de lis), 'a pledge of our remembrance, a token of our admiration and respect; and *this*, generous Hibernians, shall be the motto on your spotless colours,—

'1692——1792.'

'Semper et ubique fidelis.'"

* 'Remember Limerick and British faith.'

Irish blood that has floated her to conquest, or buoyed her in distress. And must the heart for ever recoil with disgust on opening the black statutes which sully the glory of England's brightest page, and brand with suspicion a generous people whose arm was her stay in the hour of peril, and whose breast was her shield till victory was won?—Base ingratitude of a nation which conquers to enslave, and would bind in eternal bondage the arm that, nerved with freedom, would render her invincible to the combined assaults of the world.

CHAPTER XI.

View of the United Irish System towards the close of the year 1797—Transportation without trial—Friendly communications from confidential departments of the state—Irritating measures of government—Torture—Motion of Lord Moira in the British House of Peers, for an address to the Throne—rejected—In the Irish, to the Viceroy—rejected—Motion of Mr. Fox in the British House of Commons, for an address to the Throne—rejected—Determination to goad Ireland to resistance—Preparations on either side for a hostile struggle.

PRIOR to 1798 the United Irish System seemed to have reached its acme; indeed, strictly speaking, about that period it might rather have been considered on the wane. This may be accounted for in two ways.

The passions of man are not stationary, and having reached the point of elevation they either recede or burst every barrier opposed to their action. It was impossible that the public mind could have acquired a higher pitch of excitement than was generally experienced in the year 1797. Hence it naturally lowered, because

an immediate appeal to arms was resisted by those who had not formed a just estimate of human nature, in the fluctuating passions of the human mind. It is not the present subject of inquiry, what were the motives which influenced the adoption of this measure; the result was a less ardent feeling in some quarters, which it was afterwards found more difficult to rally.

Another cause for the apparent supineness of some, and the partial defection of others, was the pacific system which government for a moment seemed disposed to adopt; in which, as I have already observed, had they been sincere, conciliation, no doubt, could have been effected with the people. This favourable disposition, however, was soon interrupted, and the angry passions on either side were rekindled with increased fury.

The unconstitutional proceeding of transporting men without trial had long been a favourite measure with the Irish administration, and the merciless hand of a Lutterell had already depopulated whole districts, tearing asunder the tenderest bonds of nature, severing husband from wife, parent from child. "I was unable," said a gallant British officer with whom I lately conversed, "I was unable to bear the horror of

the scene; I was on board a British ship of war, then lying in the bay of Dublin, and crowded with those unfortunate victims. The screams of the women and children, who daily hovered in small boats round our vessel, to catch a last look of the unhappy husband or parent, whom they were doomed never again to behold, roused such feelings of horror and compassion for the miseries of your unhappy country, that I quitted the ship, and only returned when she was actually under weigh."

This practice had been so generally acted on, that it ceased to be a subject of astonishment, and was merely regarded as a common grievance. Some men, however, of more influential connexions in society having experienced this summary mode of *thinning the superabundant population*, inquiries were instituted by their friends, and bitter invective expressed the indignation they felt at the foul and despotic proceeding. The United Irish Societies provided funds for the support of the wives and children of those men who were severed from their country and the sweets of domestic life; powerful exertions were made to recover some from banishment, and to procure others the protection of more friendly states. Those exertions were not always

unsuccessful, nor could they escape the observation of a vigilant government, and consequently its censure.

Another subject of disquiet to men in power was the difficulty they sometimes encountered in procuring convictions for political offences. The spy and informer were guarded with the most watchful attention. Their informations were considered secret as the inquisitorial tribunal, and yet these informations were often communicated to confidential individuals; which enabled the committee entrusted with the prisoner's defence to defeat the informer's treachery, and rescue the intended victim from the snare of death.

Such was the sympathy of the public, such the intensity of interest which the cause of union excited, that neither in the civil nor military departments did that cause want a confiding and communicating friend, when confidence or communication could present any prospect of safety or justice to the accused in his defence. The crown lawyers have often viewed with astonishment the powerful exertions of our inimitable Curran when defending the life of his client, and it seemed to them a matter of the most unaccountable surprise how this popular advocate could anticipate the most important disclosures,

and be able to rebut, on the moment, evidence which had been previously considered conclusive as to the conviction of the prisoner; but so it was—and all the influence and ingenuity of the government could not guard against it. In fact the United Irishmen had friends in many departments of which Lord Camden or his advisers little dreamt. But the climax of Ireland's misfortune was rapidly approaching, and these friends were constrained, by motives of personal safety, to assume a carriage and countenance not in accordance with their feelings.

Whatever might have been the ostensible object of the government, it was now evident that Mercy had no seat in their councils. As if dissatisfied at the late interval of tranquillity (if a partial cessation of persecution merited the appellation), they seemed determined by a new and inventive system of cruelty to regain the ground they had lost, in the estimation of those who prized an Irish executive in proportion to its departure from every line of justice. The suppression of United Irish Societies was the pretext, but it was a feeble—it was a false one: it was notorious that in the districts where that system had made the least progress the greatest acts of outrage were perpetrated under the

sanction of government; and in those quarters where the inhabitants were most remarkable for a peaceful demeanour, moral disposition, and obedience to the laws, every principle of justice and humanity was violated.

Wexford, which was the scene of the greatest military atrocity, and subsequently the boldest and most effectual in resistance, was at this period less identified with the organized system of union than any county in Ireland. Of this, government was perfectly aware; and it was only when the outraged feelings of human nature were no longer able to bear the torture of the scourge, the blaze of the incendiary, and the base violation of female virtue, that Wexford rose as one man, and like a giant in his strength, hurled defiance at the oppressor. Then indeed was Wexford *united;*—not in the calm and progressive order of the system, but in the field and in arms—in the face of God and their country—in the presence of their wives and their children—they swore *inviolable union:*—and what the parent societies might not have effected in years, the injustice of government accomplished in an hour. Wexford is one of the minor class of counties in geographical extent, and yet in this county alone thirty-two Roman Catholic chapels were burnt by the

army and armed yeomanry, within a period of less than three months, while the destruction of domestic property kept full pace in proportion with the sacrilegious conflagration. And this was the system which Lord Camden's administration adopted for the suppression of United Irish Societies, and the tranquillization of a country which was peaceful and submissive until blighted by its counsels.

Kildare, Wicklow, and other neighbouring counties, exhibited similar scenes of horror. The army, now distributed through the country in *free quarters*, gave loose to all the excesses of which a licentious soldiery are capable; "formidable", in the language of the gallant Abercrombie, "to all but the enemy." From the humble cot to the stately mansion, no property—no person was secure. Numbers perished under the lash, many were strangled in the fruitless attempt of extorting confessions, and hundreds were shot at their peaceful avocations, in the very bosom of their families, for the wanton amusement of a brutal soldiery. The torture of the pitch cap was a subject of amusement both to officers and men, and the agonies of the unfortunate victim, writhing under the blaze of the combustible material, were increased by the yells of the soldiery and

the pricking of their bayonets, until his sufferings were often terminated by death.

The torture practised in those days of Ireland's misery has not been equalled in the annals of the most barbarous nation, and the world has been astonished, at the close of the eighteenth century, with acts which the eye views with horror, and the heart sickens to record. Torture was resorted to, not only on the most trivial, but groundless occasions. It was inflicted without mercy on every age, and every condition: the child, to betray the safety of the parent; the wife, the partner of her conjugal affection; and the friend and brother have expired under the lash, when the generous heart scorned to betray the defenceless brother or friend. The barbarous system of torture practised at Beresford's riding-house, Sandy's Provost, the old Custom House, and other depôts of human misery in the capital, under the very eye of the executive, makes the blood recoil with horror, while we blush for the depravity of man under the execrable feelings of his perverted nature. In the centre of the city, the heart-rending exhibition was presented of a human being, endowed with all the faculties of a rational soul, rushing from the infernal depôt of torture and death, his person besmeared with a

burning preparation of turpentine and pitch, plunging in his distraction into the Liffey, and terminating at once his sufferings and his life.

"You are come too late," exclaimed a young man to those unfeeling monsters; "I am now beyond your power, my information was feigned, but it afforded me a moment's respite; I knew you would discover the artifice, I knew the fate that awaited me, but I have robbed you of your victim. Heaven is more merciful than you,"—and he expired. This melancholy transaction occurred in the town of Drogheda in the spring of 1798. The unhappy victim was a young man of delicate frame; he had been sentenced to 500 lashes, and received a portion with firmness, but dreading lest bodily suffering might subdue the fortitude of his mind, he requested that the remainder should be suspended, and his information taken. Being liberated from the triangles, he directed his executioners to a certain garden, where he informed them arms were concealed. In their absence he deliberately cut his throat. The arms not being discovered, for none were there, the disappointed and irritated party hastened back to inflict the remainder of the punishment;—he only lived to pronounce the words which I have reported.

About the same period, and in the same po-

pulous town, the unfortunate Bergan was tortured to death. He was an honest upright citizen, and a man of unimpeachable moral conduct. He was seized on by those vampires, and in the most public street stripped of his clothes, placed in a horizontal position on a cart, and torn with the cat-o'-nine-tails long after the vital spark was extinct. The alleged pretence for the perpetration of this horrid outrage was, that a small gold ring had been discovered on his finger, bearing a national device,—the "shamrock,"—of his unfortunate country.

It was now evident to the most sceptical mind that Ireland could not remain tranquil nor longer passive under the tortures with which she was goaded. Life, liberty, and property were not worth the purchase of an hour. In the "domiciliary visit" and forcible entry of the peaceful mansion at the hour of domestic repose, every rule of decorum and feeling of delicacy was outraged; and the high-minded female, in humble or exalted life, was not permitted a moment's indulgence for attiring her person, to protect it from the obscene glance of the midnight ruffian. Many were the scenes of brutal and dastardly outrage to which this detestable measure gave rise; and the heart that

had the courage to feel, or the arm that had nerve to resist, was sure to fall the victim to its bold and noble temerity. I met the veteran Baron Hussey in this reign of terror; he had been reared in camps—he had fought with the sanguinary Cossack, and he had been the captive of the barbarous Turk—he had lived familiar with scenes of desolation and death; and he declared to me, on the faith of a Christian, and the honour of a soldier, that he had never witnessed such horror before. "No man", said he, "dare impeach my loyalty or question my respect for the throne, but ere I consent to receive those ruffians within my walls, to destroy my property and pollute the sanctuary of my dwelling, I will die on my threshhold with arms in my hands, and my body shall oppose a barrier to their entrance."

The enlightened and benevolent Marquess of Hastings, then Earl Moira, anticipated the consequences which must result from the atrocities exercised by the army on the Irish people. He detailed those atrocities before the *British* House of Peers, in language which did honour to his heart, and he pledged himself to the proof. He knew the character of his countrymen,—the limits of their endurance, and their powers of resistance, their patience under privations, but

determined hostility if roused to seek redress. He owed a duty to his country, he loved the land of his birth, he respected the monarch, and desiring to unite the stability of the throne with the rights of the subject, he moved an address, imploring his Majesty to conciliate the affections of the Irish people. His motion was rejected.

In the month of February, 1798, when it was evident that the measures of the Camden administration must soon lead to consequences which humanity would deplore, Earl Moira made another effort to stay the evils which awaited his unhappy country; and in his place in the *Irish* House of Lords, proposed an address to the viceroy, recommending the adoption of *conciliatory* measures, as the extraordinary powers with which the parliament had invested him for "*tranquillizing Ireland*" had failed. But the combination against the independence of Ireland was too strongly formed, and the motion of the noble lord was not more successful in the Irish than in the British House of Peers.

Fox,—the immortal Fox,—the advocate of the oppressed, the friend of freedom and the friend of the human race, he too tried the pulse of power; he failed, for the miseries of Ireland

were not a fit subject for intrusion on the royal ear. No inquiry was instituted into the state of Ireland, for the system of her government would not bear inquiry. Her growing strength and importance had become a subject of jealousy and alarm. Her population, within the short period of forty years, had doubled its numbers; education kept pace with this alarming increase; the union of her inhabitants gave strength to her physical force, and her local situation had attracted the attention of foreign powers. Her *dismemberment* was, therefore, determined on! Ill-fated country! torrents of blood must flow—the bravest of your sons must perish, to deck the funeral pile of national independence.

An executive in conjunction with some of the most malignant spirits of the day, whose desperate fortunes courted desperate enterprises, was an engine not unfitted for the work destined to deprive Ireland of her rank as a nation, and extinguish her last hope of independence. The leader of that faction, who had long rioted on the spoils of his country, bartered domestic peace for national dissension, smiled at the torture which his sanguinary hand had inflicted, and like a second Nero, exulted in the flame which menaced his country with ruin;—this monster, whose mental delight was the misery of

man, and the harmony of whose soul was the shriek of despair, impatient of the delay of actual hostilities, unblushingly betrayed in the Irish senate the predetermined resolution of enforcing insurrection, and regretted the cautious councils that for a moment opposed any obstacle to the decision of the sword.

It was vain now for any man to affect feelings of loyalty or attachment to a government which had declared war against humanity and the rights of the people. Of what material must that man have been composed, who could witness his property consumed, his home in the possession of a licentious soldiery, his wife or daughter a prey to their brutal outrage, and not arm himself with treble vengeance against the infernal despoiler? Death in any shape was preferable to the horrors he encountered, and he gloried in resistance, though he lived but an hour to revenge his wrongs. It was this which led him to outstep the original compact of the Union, and direct his views to ulterior objects and bolder designs.

That the united system was originally confined to the two points of *emancipation* and *reform*, is evident from the characters of many who early embraced it. Had it been otherwise, it is not rational to suppose that it would have

numbered in its ranks so many wealthy landed proprietors, so much mercantile property, and even the fundholder himself. These men had no revolutionary principles, nor would they have risked their fortunes on the uncertain issue of a revolutionary contest. Whatever might have been the more extended views of *individuals*, the great body had originally formed no design beyond these two specific points. It was only when all hopes of constitutional redress had failed, when life and property were denied the protection of the law, that resistance became a duty and allegiance was withdrawn. Would to God that the healing hand of conciliation had been extended and the fatal spark extinguished, ere the flame had burst forth.

But government had attained the object desired. *Ireland was goaded to resistance*, and security was sought for in the tented field.

CHAPTER XII.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

THE rank, the talent, the virtues, and disinterested patriotism of Lord Edward Fitzgerald distinguished him, in the estimation of his countrymen, as a man every way qualified for the most important trust and the boldest undertakings. Young, ardent, and enterprising; enthusiastic in his love of liberty; of devoted attachment to his country, and possessing the most unbounded confidence of his countrymen in return; reared in the school of arms, and distinguished for military science, he possessed all the qualities to constitute a great and popular leader, and seemed destined by nature for the bold and daring enterprise to which an abhorrence of oppression, and the most lively sense of justice irresistibly impelled him. Sacrificing in this pursuit all the prospects to which rank, fortune, and an illustrious line of ancestry opened the way, he sought only in the ranks of his country that dis-

tinction which his talents and virtues could not fail to obtain.

Though no chief had actually been appointed to the supreme command in Leinster, the eyes of all were naturally directed to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The officers who composed his staff, as well as those who had been selected to command in the respective counties, were men distinguished either by military talent or local influence. Few however of the former now remained in Ireland. It was difficult to elude the vigilance of the government, and the period of resistance having been from time to time postponed, the officers of foreign states had returned to their respective services, to which the busy scenes of warfare throughout Europe had recalled them. Those who had offered their services in the hour of Ireland's distress, were, from these circumstances (some alas! but for a short period) precluded any share in her disastrous fortunes, but Ireland can never forget their generous sympathy in her cause;—the gallant hon. —— Plunkett, that intrepid soldier of fortune, whose fame will be recorded while Butla or the Danube are remembered; the brave and devoted Bellew, who would exchange the laurels of foreign conquest to encounter peril and privation in the land of his birth; the most

distinguished for virtue in the noble house of M—re, to whom titles and fortune opposed but a slender barrier, where the happiness of his country and her liberties were at stake; the young and ardent L—s—n, whose virtues shed lustre on the titles of his son; and he to whose memory my heart is devoted with more than fraternal affection, whose soul was the seat of honour, whose mind was resplendent with every virtue, whose love of country burned with unextinguishable fire, and whose unbounded philanthropy embraced the whole human race.—Shade of the brave accept this tribute of remembrance, and may thy ashes, moistened by the tears of thy country, be mingled with mine, when the lamp of thy brother shall be extinguished, and that heart cease to vibrate, which loved thee for his country and his country in thee.

A more intimate acquaintance with Lord Edward's character served only to increase our respect, by exhibiting his virtues in still brighter colours; with the purest feelings of moral worth, were associated the firmest characteristics of mind. In the hour of peril he was calm, collected and brave; in his more social moments cheerful: but gentle and unassuming, he attracted all hearts, and won the confidence

of others by the candour of his own. The early period of his life had been almost exclusively devoted to military pursuits; and at the conclusion of the interesting struggle for the independence of the western world, he became acquainted with the celebrated La Fayette and other distinguished characters in the American revolution. An association with such men could not fail to make a lively impression on a young and enthusiastic mind; and his subsequent residence in France, in the proudest days of her history, gave fresh energy, if energy were wanting, to a soul already devoted to the great cause of universal benevolence. Candid, generous, and sincere, his soul never breathed a selfish or unmanly feeling; obstinate, perhaps, when wantonly opposed, but yielding and gentle by nature, he sometimes conceded to counsels inferior to his own; high in military talent, he assumed no superiority, but inspired courage and confidence where he found either deficient. The only measure which, perhaps, he was ever known to combat with the most immoveable firmness, in despite of every remonstrance and the kindest solicitude of his friends, was on the expected approach of an awful event, where failure was ruin, and success more than doubtful. "No! gentlemen,"

said he, "the post is mine, and no man must dispute it with me; it may be committed to abler hands, but it cannot be entrusted to a more determined heart. I know the heavy responsibility that awaits me; but whether I perish or triumph, no consideration shall induce me to forego this duty." The eventful period passed by; circumstances changed its expected course, and the measure was abandoned.

The powerful influence which Lord Edward possessed; the unbounded confidence of the people, and their personal attachment to the man, whose family had so often shared in the misfortunes of their country, and were justly designated "Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores;" the increased severity of government; the undisguised preparations on either side for a hostile struggle,—all led to the more immediate adoption of measures which perhaps no human prudence or foresight could then avert. The most conspicuous for influence or leadership were either at this moment arrested, or large rewards offered for their apprehension. With a mind impatient of restraint, where he conceived duty or honour to lead the way, Lord Edward could ill brook concealment at this eventful moment, when his presence could have marshalled thousands in arms. Delay appeared pregnant with danger;

some of the boldest spirits were daily cut off; the miseries of the country hourly increased; and it was resolved at every hazard to try the fortune of the field.

The country which boasts the honour of Lord Edward's birth was the first to raise the standard in the eventful struggle, and the plains of Kildare, which for centuries had been the abode of tranquillity and peace, presented, ere the morrow's sun had set, ten thousand men in arms. Had Lord Edward Fitzgerald in person succeeded in erecting the standard in Leinster, it is uncertain what might have been the result of this measure, or its influence on the future destinies of Ireland. But vain are the hopes of man, for the power that marks his destiny no human force can arrest.

The protection of Lord Edward's person was an object of the most anxious solicitude, and the heroic fidelity of those to whom it was entrusted, recalls to our remembrance the romantic and chivalrous attachment which distinguished the natives of a sister country when the fugitive descendant of her former monarchs possessed no portion of the princely domain of his ancestors, beyond the faithful hearts of her hardy mountaineers. Neither the large rewards offered by government for his apprehension, nor

the threats held out against any who should shelter or protect him, had the slightest influence on those to whom his safety was committed. To avoid suspicion his place of residence was frequently changed, on which occasion he was always escorted by a few brave and determined friends. Hundreds were from time to time in possession of the secret, and some were arrested on suspicion of having afforded him an asylum; but no breath ever conveyed the slightest hint that could lead to his discovery.

It is difficult to conceive the lively interest evinced by all ranks for the safety of this amiable and distinguished nobleman; and I have been surprised to meet at his residence men who, from the relative situation in which they stood with the government of the country, must have made a considerable sacrifice of their political fears to personal attachment. I was one evening in conversation with Lord Edward, when Colonel L—— entered his apartment, accompanied by two gentlemen with whose persons I was unacquainted, but who, I had reason to believe, were members of the Irish legislature. The colonel, after embracing Lord Edward with the warmest affection, laid on his table a large canvass purse filled with gold, and smiling at his lordship, while he tapped him on the shoulder,

"There," said he, "There, my lord, is provision for [illegible]"

A few hours would have placed Lord Edward at the head of the troops of Kildare; measures were arranged for this purpose which the government could neither have foreseen nor prevented. But a fatal destiny interposed; his concealment was discovered through the imprudent zeal of an incautious friend, and after a desperate struggle with an overpowering force, wounded, exhausted, and fallen, the gallant Edward was captured.

Lord Edward was reclining on a couch when the party entered; they called on him to surrender,—he grasped a dagger,—they instantly fired,—a ball entered his shoulder,—he sunk on the couch. Bleeding and extended on his back, he bravely maintained the unequal conflict, killed the leader of their band, wounded a second officer of the party, and only yielded when resistance was no longer availing. Even here his native generosity triumphed; for on the arrival of surgical aid, he declined the proffered assistance, desiring that the first attention should be paid to his wounded antagonists. The surgeon complied with his request, and on his return announced to Lord Edward, who eagerly inquired the result, that Captain Ryan was killed and

Major Swan mortally wounded.* "Then, sir," said he, with the mildest composure, "you may dress me. It was a hard struggle,—and are two of them gone?" The surgeon who attended on this occasion is yet living; he can pronounce whether the wounds of Lord Edward were mortal, whether under prudent and skilful attention they might have caused an early or a lingering death, and whether the visits of this humane gentleman, whose skill might have relieved, or kindness soothed the sufferings of his noble patient, were forbidden to his lordship's cell. But the days of the gallant Edward were numbered, and rapid his transition from the dungeon to the tomb. I impeach no man with so foul a deed; forbid it justice and humanity. "The secrets of the prison house are yet untold;" but, in the emphatical language of his friend and compatriot, O'Connor, "in those days of stalking butchery, for Edward's precious blood not even the semblance of an inquisition has been had." I drop the painful narrative. Short but brilliant was his career;—honoured be his memory. May the virtues of the sire descend on the sons, whose opening promise has arrested the attention of

* Swan, though severely wounded, recovered.

the legislature, and commanded an act of national justice *.

No man was more truly happy in his domestic circle than Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He possessed the hand and affections of the amiable Pamela, and in this he felt that he possessed kingdoms. He was the favourite of his family, the idol of his sisters, and the pride of his brother, Robert, Duke of Leinster. Loved, admired, and respected by all, he enjoyed a greater portion of happiness than generally falls to the lot of any one individual; and had not the sorrows of his country rankled in his heart, and interrupted the enjoyments with which Heaven had blessed him, he could scarcely be said to have had one earthly wish ungratified. His fortune, though moderate, was ample, for he equally despised the ostentation of the world, and the narrow feelings of the ungenerous soul. Hospitable without extravagance, he delighted in the society of his friends, and in these hours of domestic enjoyment, the lovely Pamela attracted by her lively and fascinat-

* The act of confiscation which was passed by the late Irish Parliament on the estates of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, has recently been repealed by a just and generous act of the British Legislature.

ing manners the admiration of all; formed to charm every heart and command every arm that had not already been enlisted in the cause of Ireland. Ireland was her constant theme, and Edward's glory the darling object of her ambition. She entered into all his views; she had a noble and heroic soul, but the softer feelings of her sex would sometimes betray the anxiety with which she anticipated the approaching contest, and as hopes and fears alternately influenced her mind, she expressed them with all the sensibility characteristic of her country. In the most sweet and impressive tone of voice, rendered still more interesting by her foreign accent and imperfect English, she would, with unaffected simplicity, implore us to protect her Edward. "You are all good Irish," she would say, "Irish are all good and brave, and *Edward is Irish*,—your Edward and my Edward:"—while her dark brilliant eye rivetted on the manly countenance of her lord, borrowed fresh lustre from the tear which she vainly endeavoured to conceal. These were to me some of the most interesting moments I have experienced, and memory still retraces them with a mingled feeling of pleasure and pain.

I was honoured, on a particular occasion, as the escort of his lovely and interesting wife, a

few days ere the hand of death had severed them for ever. I saw her once again!!! Memory still portrays the lovely mourner wrapt in sable attire; deserted, yet not alone, for the tender pledge of conjugal affection clings to a bosom now insensible to all but sorrow. If beauty interests our feelings, and misfortune claims our sympathy in the ordinary walks of life, shall we refuse it to the high-born—to the illustrious by descent—to the wedded partner of the noble and the brave? A stranger in our land, she was the adopted child of Erin, but alas! the adopted of her misfortunes,

CHAPTER XIII.

Commencement of hostilities—First military movements—Aylmer, commander in Kildare—Encampment of the army of the Union.

THOUGH wavering councils had for a time retarded its approach, the hour of conflict at length arrived, the sword of resistance was unsheathed, and the banners of defiance unfurled.

The first in the field were the troops of Kildare. Their gallant leader was no more, but his place was supplied by his youthful friend, the bold and enterprising Aylmer. Descended from a family of high respectability and worth, still conspicuous for the virtues which distinguished their ancestors, Aylmer's example produced a powerful effect, while it gave confidence to his associates in arms: their confidence was not misplaced, and his courage and military talent proved him not undeserving of their choice.

Aylmer had more than ordinary difficulties to contend with. The open and extended plains of Kildare afforded neither mountain nor

fastness, where his raw and undisciplined troops could be formed and trained to the exercise of arms. He was therefore at once obliged to marshal them in the plain, and face regular forces, under officers of courage and experience, with a well appointed commissariat, and a formidable force of cavalry, to which the open situation of the country afforded every facility for attack. These were obstacles which courage, enthusiasm, the confidence of his troops, and their attachment to his person, enabled him to combat; but the anxiety of a generous mind, warmly attached to domestic happiness, and glowing with filial respect, presented a conflict much more arduous.

His father, not more venerable in years than in virtues, was a firm adherent to the throne, and no act of aggression on the part of government could force him to renounce allegiance. Tenderly attached to his son, and alive to the finest feelings of honour, he had seen that son but a short time before surrender his sword and retire from a military station, when a gross indignity had been offered his illustrious friend and commander, Robert, Duke of Leinster, designated by his country "the humane and great." To gratify the faction of the day, the government had determined to humble the pride

of Leinster, and a personal insult was levelled against the head of this ancient and illustrious house, by superseding the noble duke in the command of the distinguished regiment over which he presided. On this occasion the venerable Charles Aylmer accompanied his son to the presence of the duke, and, presenting him, exclaimed, "Where Leinster is dishonoured no honour is secure."—"I have received", said the youth, "this sword from your Grace, to your hands I return it untarnished, and may it rust in its scabbard ere it be drawn to support a faction that have insulted my country in the person of Leinster's duke." The worthy duke was not unmoved by the sentiments which Aylmer had expressed, neither was he insensible to the wrongs of his country. His heart and his judgment were never for a moment estranged from her cause. He wanted the force of character, the spirit of enterprise, and the gallant daring of his brother, but was fully capable of hazarding life and fortune when he conceived the rights or interests of his country demanded it.

The elder Aylmer saw the approaching storm—every thing bespoke it. He was brave; he was a man of high and exalted virtue, but he had a species of religious veneration for the

throne, and did not sufficiently distinguish between the exercise of constitutional authority and *intolerable* oppression. He deplored the determination of his son, and used every argument to dissuade him from the dangerous enterprise. Their mutual attachment was strong, and the conflict of contending passions painful, but youthful ardour, empassioned love of liberty, and a proud impatience of national wrong, prevailed. They parted, never again to meet.

The modern system of warfare, and the extraordinary achievements of men little accustomed to arms, would have afforded matter of surprise to the veteran of former days, were it possible to connect the present with the past; but circumstances interwoven with recent occurrences have convinced us that military prowess is not incompatible with youth. We have seen the young warriors of modern France baffle the skill of the most celebrated generals in the combined armies of Europe, and pluck from their brow the laurel which had been earned with honour in many a hard fought field; and we have seen the raw and undisciplined troops of that proud republic scatter veteran battalions which till then were deemed invincible, and whose discipline was the admiration of the world.

The British troops, under experienced officers, had all the advantage which situation and a well organized system afforded. The capital furnished immense magazines; an open country in front presented a free communication with the several garrisoned towns, between which and the British lines a regular communication was kept open through the medium of the yeomanry corps, who, for the present, had no more efficient duty to perform.

The ground selected for the Irish camp was well chosen, and no advantage overlooked which circumstances permitted to be turned to account. It was an elevated situation, of considerable extent, surrounded by a friendly country, which was hourly forwarding supplies. At a little distance stood a half dilapidated tower, venerable for its antiquity and the sanctity of its walls, which, in the better days of Ireland, had formed part of a noble structure, raised by our pious ancestors, but demolished in later times by the fanatical followers of the ruthless Cromwell. From the summit of this tower was displayed the flag of Union, simple in its nature and device, but cheering to the hearts of Irishmen, for it was their own—their imperishable green. Here was the spot where the troops of the Union made their first stand; and though

blood on either side had already been partially drawn, this was the ground which first presented the appearance of an organized force which merited the appellation of "*The Army of the Union.*"

The active and enterprising spirit of the youthful leader, the bold and determined conduct of his men, and the avowed and inveterate hostility which fired every breast against the enemies of freedom, gave an almost irresistible impulse to all their movements, which more than counterbalanced any deficiency in discipline. The Irish peasant is little acquainted with the comforts of life, or rather he is uniformly familiar with its wants and privations; accustomed to hardship and toil, the discipline of a camp, and the perils of warfare, are to him less subjects of restraint than of gay variety and manly sport. Men of this description are soon formed into soldiers; warm in attachment, and unconquerable in love of country, they require no stimulant, but rather seem to sport with personal safety, in the pursuit of bold and daring enterprise. Of this class a considerable proportion were attached to the army of the Union; their services were invaluable, and their exertions unwearied in the general cause. But the great and imposing force consisted of men of more

rational and reflecting minds, whose abhorrence of cruelty and oppression led them to court danger in the open field, rather than submit to the hourly apprehension of insult, torture, and death.

CHAPTER XIV.

Opening of the Wexford campaign—Defeat of the British at Oulard—At Enniscorthy—Retreat to Wexford—Advance of the united forces—Deputation from Wexford to the united camp—Destruction of the advanced guard of General Fawcett's army—Second deputation from Wexford, with proposals for surrendering the town—Evacuation of Wexford by the British army—Occupation of it by the united troops—Further successes—Alarm of the Irish government—Generous appeal of Mr. Fox to the British senate—Augmentation of the army.

While the situation of Kildare was an object of serious concern, a new and more imposing scene presented itself—*Wexford was in arms.*

The naturally peaceable disposition of the inhabitants, and their patience under cruelties to which they were hourly exposed, had encouraged those who inflicted them to greater aggressions; but when the men of Wexford rose, they displayed a spirit not calculated on by their assailants, and unprecedented in any country where an undisciplined peasantry had to contend with a regular force. The rapidity

of their movements, the boldness of their designs, their courage, perseverance, and astonishing success, had given such powerful ascendancy to their arms, as baffled every effort of their enemies, and seemed to threaten the very extinction of the power to which they were opposed.

Oulard was the first scene of action. On the morning of the 27th of May it was occupied by the united forces, for Wexford was *now* united. Here they waited the arrival of the king's troops, who soon advanced to dislodge them. The contest was short, but it was decisive. The royal division was cut to pieces, the yeomanry fled; of the former, four soldiers only with their colonel escaped.

The battle of Oulard gave confidence to the united troops; the following day they marched on Enniscorthy. After a brave resistance on the part of the garrison, numbers having fallen on each side, the courage and impetuosity of the people prevailed, and they became masters of the town. The routed army fled to Wexford, where every thing was in the highest state of alarm, and measures were immediately resorted to for a general defence.

Wexford, the chief town of the county, was a garrison of some importance. In addition to

its former force, with the remains of the army from Enniscorthy, it received reinforcements of all the surrounding yeomanry corps, and a supply of artillery and experienced officers from Duncannon fort, then under the command of the British general, Fawcett, who was preparing to march in person with further relief. Every thing at first bespoke a determined and manly defence, but the united troops, flushed with conquest, and fired with resentment of recent wrongs, having marched from Enniscorthy, and encamped on Vinegar Hill, neither the formidable position of the town, protected by walls and defended by cannon, nor a garrison of 1200 effective men, with Fawcett marching to its relief, could allay the fears which their appearance had excited. After mature deliberation, it was considered prudent to address the united forces, through the medium of those who possessed their confidence. Amongst the state prisoners confined in the gaol of Wexford, were three gentlemen of fortune and high respectability, Messrs. Colclough, Fitzgerald, and Harvey. These gentlemen were solicited to use their influence to induce the united troops to retire, and commissioned by the civil and military authorities to act as arbitrators between the *royal* garrison of Wexford, and an undisciplined *rebel*

force. Colclough and Fitzgerald were deputed on this extraordinary mission, while Harvey remained in prison as a hostage for their return.

On the arrival of the commissioners within the united lines, they were welcomed with a cheer, which, in the language of the day, made Wexford ring. Little time was lost in parley; the very offer betrayed the weakness of the party who proposed it; instant orders were given to march; and "*to Wexford! to Wexford!*" was re-echoed from man to man. Fitzgerald was adored by the people; him they detained in the camp. Colclough was treated with all the respect due to his worth, and despatched to Wexford to announce their immediate advance. It was not an idle threat, for the next morning exhibited their approach in a bristly grove of pikes, glittering from the summit of the three rocks on the mountain of Forth.

Here the united troops halted for the night, and cut off the advance of General Fawcett's army on its march from the fort of Duncannon to the relief of Wexford. The entire of the advanced guard perished, save one subaltern officer and a few privates who remained prisoners. General Fawcett, learning this disaster, hastily retreated with the main body of his army. So

rapidly did this pass, that the garrison of Wexford was in total ignorance of the occurrence, at the short distance of three miles from the scene of action.

The expected advance of General Fawcett's army, which it was calculated must at that time have been within view of the enemy's camp, induced the garrison of Wexford to try the effect of a sally. This proved unsuccessful; the leader of the expedition having fallen, the troops retreated with precipitation back on the town. All was now terror and dismay. Again the authorities assembled, and the result of their deliberation was an appeal to the generosity of Harvey, whom they prevailed upon to address a conciliatory letter to the camp, which was forwarded through the medium of a second deputation, who were instructed to propose the immediate surrender of the town on condition that life and property should be spared. The united forces required that the arms and ammunition of the garrison should be likewise given up. Commissioners proceeded from the camp to Wexford to arrange the articles, but on their arrival they found the town evacuated by the British troops. The greatest possible consternation prevailed. Soldiers flying in every direction without order or arrangement.

Officers, yeomen, and magistrates, hurrying for safety to the ships; whilst numbers hastened to the prison to place themselves under the protection of the benevolent Harvey.

Fortunately Fitzgerald had now arrived. He was accosted by the chief magistrate and implored to use his influence with the people to procure a peaceful entry. Courage and humanity are nearly allied, and the brave Fitzgerald exercised all the influence he possessed. The mild advocate of peace this moment, a proud rebel in arms the hour before. The town was entered by the people, and the green banner displayed from its walls; they hastened to the prison, where they released the unfortunate captives, and proclaimed *Beauchamp Bagnal Harvey, commander in chief.*

The mad infatuation of the fugitive garrison only added to the popular excitement. Every unfortunate peasant whom they met in their retreat was butchered without mercy; age or sex afforded no protection. Women and children were victims to their indiscriminating fury;—houses were plundered and burned in their disorderly march, and even the temple of divine worship was fired by their sacrilegious hands. Is our country then to be reproached for the comparatively partial reprisals which in some

instances an insulted and maddened people were goaded to inflict *? But never, throughout the entire contest, from the commencement of hostilities till the fatal scene was closed, can we trace on the part of the people a single act of insult to female honor. The first general proclamation concluded in these memorable words, "Soldiers of Erin, remember your homes, let the domestic hearth never be violated, nor the arms of the nation sullied by cruelty or revenge. Bear in mind that the weak and the defenceless claim your protection, and that retaliation is only the weapon of the coward and the slave. Let this be engraven on your hearts, and let it be proclaimed to the extremity of our land, that *insult to female honor, contempt of orders, pillage and desertion, shall be punished with death.*"

While the town of Wexford remained in possession of the people, encampments were formed in different quarters of the country; between these and the royalist troops, which garrisoned the several towns, many and sanguinary conflicts took place.

From the garrison of Ross, frequent excursions were made, which occasioned great distress to the surrounding country, and this,

* The unfortunate massacre of Scullabogue will be noticed in its proper place.

the united troops, from their deficiency in cavalry, had not the means of resisting. The circumstance, however, led to the formation of a body, whose services afterwards were conspicuous and important. The command on this occasion was committed to Mr. Thomas Cloney, a gentleman qualified for any undertaking where courage and conduct were requisite. He charged at the head of his new levies, drove the marauders precipitately before him, and succeeded in protecting the country from their further depredations. No man was better suited for the undertaking; bold and decisive, but generous and humane, he distinguished himself in every action he fought, not more by his courage, than his humanity.

The memorable transactions of this short but bloody campaign, were executed with an unparalleled promptitude. At one moment we find the town of Gory hastily abandoned by the king's troops, who, as if panic struck, precipitately fled, without even an effort to retain it. Again Newtown Barry, as rapidly assailed by the popular force, carried; and in almost the same hour regained by the royal army. Every day produced fresh conflicts, while the popular forces, always on the alert, were generally the assailants.

The town of Gory, from its local position,

was considered a station of much importance. It was well supplied. The British commanders having conceived the idea of terminating the war by a coup de main, had thrown large supplies into the garrison, and General Loftus had just arrived with an additional force of fifteen hundred men; the neighbouring garrisons were in readiness, and it was resolved that on the following day all these forces in conjunction should march on the united camp at Carrigrew.

The royal army marched from Gory in two divisions; one under the immediate command of General Loftus, by a more circuitous route; the other was led on by Colonel Walpole, direct for the camp. The troops were in high spirits; their numbers, discipline, and well concerted arrangements, left no room to doubt of success. But the camp of Carrigrew was not less on the alert—it had formed the bold determination of attacking Gory, and the united troops were now actually on their march. A little time brought them in contact with the army under the command of Walpole. The meeting was unexpected on both sides. The action immediately commenced—Walpole fell—his troops gave way, and the rout became general—his cannon fell into the hands of the people. The united army, following up its victory, pursued the

fugitives to the town of Gory, through which they passed with the utmost precipitation. From Gory they retreated to Arklow, where, in a council of war hastily convened, it was determined to abandon that town, and some of the terrified fugitives pursued their route till they at length found shelter in the capital.

Loftus, at the head of his division, was only apprised of the action by the report of the cannon; he hastened to the relief of Walpole, but arrived too late. The body of that unfortunate commander and his slain companions around him, but too fully announced the fate of the day. Loftus halted on the field, doubtful for a moment what course to pursue, then marched back for Gory, but the cannon of Walpole, which had now changed masters, opposed his entrance.

This decisive victory placed the entire county of Wexford, with the exception of Ross, Newtown Barry, and Duncannon Fort, in the hands of the people.

It was now that the Irish government became seriously alarmed. They had kindled a war in the heart of the country, and it was doubtful whether they possessed the power of extinguishing it. The incessant marching and coun-

termarching of the troops, the fatigues they encountered, the losses they had sustained, the several posts they had been forced to abandon, all tended to lower that spirit with which they were animated on first taking the field. Prudence, if not humanity, seemed to favour conciliation, and even the man who was amongst the first to make his offering at the altar of union, and had so far wandered from his early path, seemed now to doubt the policy of the measures which in this eventful crisis must either secure a legislative union with Britain, or sever the connexion for ever. The hazard was desperate, but the die was cast.

Intemperate councils had placed the country on the brink of ruin, and the more reflecting on both sides looked with awful suspense to the result. Mr. Fox, ever sensitively alive to the honour of his country and the feelings of humanity, again appealed to the British senate, and implored the minister to halt in his desperate career, and extend, ere it should be too late, the hand of conciliation to Ireland. "I hold", said he, "documents incontrovertible, which shew that this sanguinary contest has already cost his majesty's forces the loss of ten thousand men;" and in the name of justice

and humanity he moved for an inquiry into the state of Ireland *. The feeling and energetic appeal of Mr. Fox was ineffectual, and with it the last hope of conciliation fled.

The armies of Britain were now augmented, orders were given for a more vigorous pursuit of hostilities, and in some quarters it was intimated that *no prisoners should be made*. Hence it frequently happened, that the number who fell on the field bore no proportion with those who were the victims of an exterminating vengeance.

When we consider the number of troops engaged, the rank and distinction of the commanders, and the immense preparations for reducing a single county, we may form some idea of the importance that government attached to the Wexford campaign. After so many severe conflicts between the British and the united troops, it was now evident that Wexford could only be reduced by an overwhelming force; and we find, with others, the following British officers employed in this service:—Lieutenants-

* From an army return lately published, it appears that the sum total of effective bayonets, employed in Ireland prior to the Act of Union, amounted to 114,000, at the computed expense of four millions of money per annum.

General Lake and Dundas.—Majors-General Needham, Duff, Hunter, Loftus, Eustace, Johnston, Gascoyne, and Brigadiers-General Moore, Grose, &c. The opposition which this force encountered was evident proof that government had not overrated the courage of the foe.

CHAPTER XV.

State of Leinster—Hill of Tara—Battle—Defeat, and rout of the United forces—Aylmer in Kildare.

While Wexford continued the principal theatre of war, several contests had taken place in other counties of Leinster; but the proximity of these counties to the capital enabled government to use more prompt measures for their suppression, while the remote situation of others afforded greater facilities for the conjunction of the people, who, when once formed, under men of enterprise and popular confidence, became irresistible. Wexford possessed a host of leaders of this description, who displayed talents of the first order for the field. Her efforts were in consequence more powerful and important in their results.

Many of the Leinster leaders, and principally of the more northern counties, had been arrested, and a system of intimidation which had been adopted in some quarters, produced a powerful effect on the feelings of the people.

When a rising of the populace was apprehended, orders were given to put the prisoners to death on the first signal of alarm. Many were in consequence restrained, from personal attachment to their leaders, fearing to involve their safety in the uncertain issue of a contest. Those who had taken the field, were generally without efficient officers; and though they displayed abundant qualities characteristic of the soldier, their arrangements were often defective; for without a power to control or a hand to direct, they could neither avail themselves of the advantages which local situation afforded, nor retrieve the errors into which their native impetuosity too often led them.

This circumstance was never more conspicuous than in the disastrous affairs of Meath. Admirably posted on the princely hill of Tara, and with a force sufficient to combat twice the number of their assailants, they had not an officer who knew the advantage of the ground, or to whose sole authority they acknowledged obedience. Each separate leader of division, looked only to those who were under his immediate control; and though many were qualified for inferior command, none assumed that superiority, so essential to the direction of the field, in the arrangement of forces, who had no

combined system of action. Had they marched under men who possessed the talents of Fitzgerald, of Redmond, of Clohy, of Roche, or a hundred others, whose names are conspicuous in the Wexford campaign, Tara would not have been the field of an easy bought victory, where courage was abundant, and arrangement only deficient.

Tara had been the seat of the ancient grandeur of our country, the theme of her poet, and the strain of her bard. It was the splendid court of her kings and the hospitable hall of her chiefs. In the heart of Leinster, and the most fertile district of the province, surrounded by inexhaustible supplies, and commanding rich and flourishing towns within two hours' march of its summit, Tara presented a station for an army, which being once concentrated, the capital could not have maintained itself eight and forty hours.

That Tara should have been selected as the theatre of national contest, associated with the proud remembrance of ancient greatness, and combining, from local situation, every advantage for defence, evinced a mind capable of much discernment, and not unacquainted with the powerful feelings which stimulate the human breast. But the very advantage of situation

tended to facilitate defeat. Had the united forces been less confident of their ground, they would in all probability have proceeded with less temerity.

On the advance of the enemy they quitted their strong position, and descending from the summit to the lower declivity of the hill, rushed with impetuosity on the British troops who were advancing. The infantry fled, unable to resist the charge of the pike, but they were quickly supported by cavalry and cannon; and while the apparently victorious troops were pursuing their success, they were alternately charged by the horse, and raked by a galling fire from the artillery. The phalanx being broken, they had no rallying point nor reserve; no hand to retrieve the error which their impetuosity had occasioned. Encompassed by a brave and disciplined army, exposed on the wide grassy plain, which presented no interruption to the movement of the cavalry, or the deadly action of the cannon, the united forces were completely routed. Many returned to their homes; the most determined remained in arms, and proceeded to join the ranks of the brave and persevering Aylmer.

Aylmer was pursuing at this time a species of fugitive warfare. Totally defective in artillery,

and commanding in an open champaign country, he was unable to maintain, for any considerable time, a stationary war; but the velocity with which he moved, and the prompt decision that marked his action, rendered him a more formidable foe, and his warfare more harassing and destructive to his enemies. At night on the extended plains of Kildare, in the morning twenty miles in advance, cutting off the supplies of the enemy, storming their posts, or driving back the advance of their army in full march to lay waste some devoted village or town; always on the alert, indefatigable in his pursuits, and exhaustless in enterprise, his military character seemed a perfect copy of the "great Dundee." Even after the termination of the Wexford campaign, the defeat of the united forces in Ulster, and general cessation of hostilities, we find Aylmer at the head of his invincible band; winning, by his courage and his conduct, the admiration of hostile ranks, and never laying down the arms which he had borne with manly pride, until the last of his companions were guaranteed in life and safety, by solemn treaty with the British general Dundass.

CHAPTER XVI.

General state of the country after the commencement of hostilities—Illustrative anecdotes.

From the period that hostilities commenced, and, in some districts, prior to that event, no one was permitted to remove from his residence without a passport, descriptive of his person, occupation and pursuit; arrests, and not unfrequently corporal punishment was the result of omission. Those, of course, who were suspected of hostility to the government, or a good understanding with the people, found it difficult, if not impracticable, to procure passports. Sometimes they were obtained under feigned names, but detection always increased the penalty; in fact, the man who was not now the acknowledged partisan of government was held in a state of political excommunication.

Circumstances interesting to our family had rendered an interview with my younger brother of importance. This could not be effected without difficulty and personal danger; it was, however, accomplished, and the circumstances under

which we met and parted will be to me a subject of reflection for the few fleeting hours of life.

Our meeting was at the house of a venerable friend, and rendered still more interesting to my brother and myself, from the generous anxiety which he evinced for our mutual safety. He had suffered in the general calamity of his country, and in the most vulnerable point of human feelings; he had been deprived of an only son, the prop of declining years, and the blooming hope of a father's fondest wishes. My brother's youthful and interesting appearance peculiarly engaged his attention. Tall, finely formed, and scarcely seventeen years of age, he seemed to recall to the memory of our friend the irretrievable loss he had so lately sustained. He placed himself between us, and taking the hand of my brother, with the most impressive look of paternal solicitude, he implored him to forego his intention. "If it must be," said he, "let one victim suffice; but do you, my child, remain with me, your hour will yet come, your destiny perhaps too soon." His eye glistened with the tear which betrayed a sorrowful recollection as he spoke, and pressing the hand which was still retained in his, "You will supply", said he, "the place of him who is gone.

I will talk to you of his virtues, his attachment to his country, his fidelity to her cause, and I will bless the hour that has given a second birth to the hopes that were lost, but restored in you." My brother endeavoured to conceal the emotion which he was unable to suppress; it was a trial almost too much for the generous feelings of his nature, but he was firm—he was resolved. "May Heaven then be your pilot!" exclaimed our friend, "for you embark on troubled waters,—rest for the day, and by the favour of night you can proceed with greater safety. Divide your course; yours", addressing me, "to the right, and yours, my child, to the left—it is more secure." He traced, in imagination, every foot of ground; this quarter friendly, that in possession of the foe; here the windings of the river to be followed, there the mountain's base; on the right the valley of blood, where the red arm of Ulster bore his banners in pride; on the left, the lofty Kairn, where the pride of Ulster sleeps in peace. The day was far spent; it was too short for our friend in providing for our safety, in retracing the glories of the past, or anticipating hopes for the future. His cheek was furrowed, but the snows of seventy winters had failed in quenching the fire of youthful patriotism which still

glowed in his breast, and the sorrows of the parent were for a time forgotten, as the recollection of the fame of his country or her miseries prevailed. The moments rapidly passed;—we had toasted "the land of the brave, and the soul that deserves to be free," when the cloud of night announced the hour of departure.

Journeying in a north-westerly direction, near the ancient village of Ardcath, I was accosted by a small band, which formed one of the outposts of a formidable body assembled near the centre of the plain, and which was every moment augmented by fresh numbers, who came pouring in with arms of every description, from the polished musket to the rudest formed pike. The vigilant guard soon challenged my approach, and in a moment I was surrounded. "A friend or a foe," was the hurried salutation, and before time was given for a reply—"if a friend, prove yourself and advance." "I am a friend," said I, "but I have not the countersign,—lead me to your commander."

The commander, who had observed the occurrence from some distance, was already advancing; he was mounted on a horse of high mettle, fully armed, with a sword, a large case of pistols in his belt, and a carbine suspended from his saddle. A light beaver turned up on

one side, exhibited a large green cockade, surmounted by a white feather. This military appearance was not unbecoming his character; and was further improved by a fine person, and a manly deportment. He saluted me with some courtesy, but with an evident coolness, which seemed to imply "we are not friends." I returned the salutation with more confidence, and with somewhat of military etiquette. "What is your business within our lines, sir?" demanded the chief, "do you come to join our standard as a friend, or to betray our position to the enemy?" "I come," said I, "in neither character, though a friend to the liberties of my country—I would speak with you apart; I shall satisfy your doubts, and then with your permission proceed."

We retired a little beyond the circle of the guard. Some of the band, however, seemed to express displeasure, and in a half-concealed whisper it was murmured that the stranger's designs were false, that he was the bearer of conditions from the enemy, and proposals of safety and surrender for their chief. The alarm spread with rapidity, and the consequences would perhaps have been fatal to the object of their suspicion, had not their commander immediately pressed forward, and presenting me, exclaimed,

"he is a friend to Ireland—long persecuted in her cause;" and snatching the cumbrous cockade from his cap, he waived it in triumph over my head, while his plaudits were re-echoed by the cheers of thousands. Unhappily I bore a name which had been but too familiar with the misfortunes of my country, and as if in atonement for the ungenerous doubts which but a moment before were entertained, kindness and confidence were now carried to the very bounds of excess. Haversacks were opened, canteens in abundance presented, and the friend (for I was a stranger no longer) was solicited to partake of the homely fare which had been hastily prepared for the contingencies of the field.

"They are not yet returned," said a venerable old man, leaning on his pike, "and I don't much *like* the delay; it is more than two hours since they left us, and they have not four miles to march." "The duty was easy," observed another, "they had only to surround the garrison and disarm them without firing a gun." "They will loiter their time in parley," said a third, "till the Dumfries come up; the boy is bold to be sure, but he is young." The subject of uneasiness proceeded, not so much on account of the delay, as impatience on the part of those who spoke. A detachment had been

marched off about two hours before to disarm a corps under the command of Sir William Dillon, whose mansion was the garrison, and whose tenantry, trained to arms, were the guardians of the depôt. Little resistance was expected, and the acquisition of the arms was desirable; fifty stand of prime muskets, which formed the pride and amusement of the knight to exhibit on gala days, in all the pomp of military parade. To perform this little service, as it was termed, a party had been despatched under the command of young Carroll, a fine youth of much promise, and endeared to the people by the most engaging manners and enthusiastic attachment to their cause. "We must send a reinforcement," said the chief, "and if our friend undertakes the service, sir William's arms shall honour him with a salute before he leaves us." I expressed my acknowledgments for the intended honour, and the confidence reposed, but excused myself on a feeling of delicacy towards the young soldier, whose pride would be justly offended should another interfere with his duty.

At this moment the approach of young Carroll was announced, and the sight was a cheering one to his companions. He marched on foot at the head of his little detachment, with

open and extended lines, in the centre of which some of the scarlet uniforms of the knight's corps, formed a curious contrast with the green, gray, and motley dress of the musketeers and sturdy pike-men who guarded them. A drum, two fifes, and a bugle, to the notes of which the corps had often marched in pomp round the worthy knight's domain, were part of the spoil; and, as the detachment ascended the hill, at a quick and lively pace, the musicians strained every nerve to the popular and national air of "Patrick's day", while the green flag waveing in the centre of the line, gave a picturesque appearance to the field, as the band advanced to deposit the arms. The chief saluted the green emblem of Erin as it fluttered in the breeze, and with his head uncovered and his right hand extended to heaven, he prayed that the banners of his country might be ever victorious.

I had now an opportunity of regarding the person of the young Carroll with more particular attention. The rising traits of manly beauty were conspicuous in his person. Not exceeding twenty years of age, he had all the deportment of riper manhood—a countenance intelligent and interesting portrayed a heart sensibly alive to all the finer feelings of honour,

—brave, generous, and humane. This was the first day in which he had borne arms, and he bore them with a manly courage.

"A guard!" cried the chief; "A guard!" was vociferated to the extremity of the line. The nimble pikemen pressed forward, and the contest was warm who should have the honour of escorting their countryman. "Allow me", said I, "to decline the honour of a guard, I am not apprehensive of danger." "You pass a military station," said the chief, "about four miles to the east; our lads will conduct you beyond it and return." "I will trust to fortune," I replied, "which has so far befriended me; the appearance of a guard would disturb the confidence of the enemy, and lead to a premature action, for which you are not yet prepared."

Carroll accompanied me beyond the lines, and during the short period we passed together, he gained much on my estimation. He seemed, however, not very sanguine of success. He had no fear of the enemy, but he dreaded the intoxicating liquors in which some of his troops were too much disposed to indulge. Full of vivacity like the youth of his country, all animation and spirit, yet even in our short intercourse, I could perceive more than once a pen-

sive expression in his fine features which was as quickly succeeded by the most fascinating smile. We walked slowly together, while my horse was led by the orderly that followed him. He seemed unwilling to leave me, and on parting; as if impressed with a foreknowledge of his fate, he exclaimed, "We shall never again meet."

His words were but too prophetic. The confidence of his countrymen assigned him an important command a few days after he had made his first essay in arms. He was successful in the onset, and victory followed his bold and judicious arrangements: but cheering his men in pursuit of the flying foe, his horse bore him to the midst of the hostile ranks, and in their flight he was hurried with precipitation from the field. Carroll was borne to the dungeon. The firmness of his mind supported him in the hour of trial. The last consolation of religion was denied him.—He met his death with Christian and manly firmness.—The sanguinary Sandys can report the rest*.

* Sandys, the provost-major, whose brutal and savage nature marked him a fit agent for the inhuman government of which he was the willing tool, delighted in the torture of his unhappy victims, and heightened their misery by withholding, at the awful hour of death, the consoling balm of reli-

I have had to mourn the fate of many a dear and gallant friend in the disastrous struggles of my country, but few are more deserving of remembrance than the young and interesting Carroll. Presuming on his youth, the infernal Sandys endeavoured to prevail on him to purchase life at the sacrifice of his honour; and the peculiar situation in which the family of Carroll were placed, afforded hopes in the mind of the monster that the offer might be acceded to. Carroll spurned the proposal with all the pride of insulted virtue. Hour after hour he was assailed with offers of life and promise of reward for the impeachment of his companions. "You know my companions," he replied, "such as have escaped your vengeance, are in arms and will defend themselves; those who have fallen into your hands are already sacrificed." The unprotected state of his widowed mother and one only dear and beloved sister were often recalled to his remembrance. It was this in-

gion, which the most savage enemy will not deny. Even the rites of sepulture, were withheld, and public feeling outraged by the disgusting exhibition of Algerine cruelty, in the mutilation of the body and the impalement of the victim's head. I have been lately informed; that this monster of human depravity ended his days in poverty, wretchedness, and the execration of mankind.

deed which struck to the tenderest fibre of his heart, yet nerved that heart with more heroic firmness. "The virtuous", he exclaimed, "have the especial protection of Heaven—your ruffians *dare* not harm them."

Carroll had imbibed early sentiments of religion, and it was idly hoped that the withholding in the hour of death the consolation which religion imparts, would enfeeble a mind on which earthly considerations could make no impression. "'Tis vain," cried Carroll, "the Almighty demands nothing beyond our power;—his brightest attribute is mercy." These melancholy particulars of poor Carroll's last hours I had from a gentleman of veracity, who was at that time his fellow-prisoner in *Sandy's Provost*, and who, were he now within the reach of my communication, would not refuse me the sanction of his name. He joined Carroll a few moments previous to his execution, in the last religious duties, of which the brutal Sandys could not deprive him—an appeal to Heaven for the freedom of his country. The body of Carroll, after having been treated with every indignity, was buried, with others of his brave companions, under a heap of rubbish in one of the outlets of the city.

On quitting Carroll, I found it impossible,

for some time, to regain my spirits; the gloom which at that moment hung on his mind, sympathy seemed to have communicated to my own. In the worst vicissitudes of life I have not been accustomed to despond, but I felt, at this moment, an irresistible desire to indulge in melancholy. I had ridden a few miles—all was calm and quiet around me, nothing agitated, save the feelings of my own mind. The night was clear as noon-day; and I now perceived that I had reached the military station, of which I had been so lately apprised; the approach of my horse, I presume, had alarmed the centinel, for the nightly guard was under arms. To attempt a retreat would have betrayed me, to advance with confidence was my only hope—"All well within?" "All's well!" was the reply. I passed, and with no little delight in finding my progress uninterrupted.

To a simple but fortuitous circumstance I owed my safety. Being well mounted, and dressed in a blue frock riding-coat, the yeomanry guard conceived, perhaps, that I was on military duty; and in this opinion I was the more confirmed, from the suspicions that my appearance had excited amongst my gray-coated countrymen but two hours before.

This little occurrence, while it gave me con-

fidence, taught me caution. I banished all gloomy reflections, and quickening my pace, two hours brought me to the banks of the Boyne, to the very spot where the Dutchman passed a hundred and eight years before. "*Again*," said I, "for Ireland," and crossed the river.

It was now full time, if not to refresh myself, at least to procure something for the faithful animal that had borne me so far, nearly twenty Irish miles in a circuitous route, since our last halt. Irishmen are not always provident, and it was only when provision was necessary, that I began to consider where I should procure it. I was perfectly acquainted with the country; the village of Collon lay on my left, Drogheda to the right, and Slane about four miles in a westerly direction higher up the river; these places were garrisoned either by regulars or yeomanry, and I had no disposition to place myself under the protection of either. I was strongly impelled by the desire of refreshing honest Skreen, to push for the first farm-house, but the association of ideas connected with the scene before me, flowed so rapidly on my imagination, that I felt as if rivetted to the spot; and, though saturated with wet, for the influx of the tide had swollen the river on my passage, I could not prevail on myself to quit it. Yon-

der was posted the pusillanimous James—here his more fortunate rival. This column records the glories of one; the dark hill of Donoer recalls the disgrace of the other. The river in front, with Duleek rising in the rear, even to this day presents an inviting field for contest. Here the narrow defile, through which the English marched, where science and courage were alike displayed—yonder, to the west, the bridge, equidistant from both armies, and unoccupied by either, until the fatal mistake, at the same moment, rendered it the object of contention. Deep in the channel through which I had passed, Schomberg nobly fell; while the cavalry, under the gallant Hamilton, charged in the flood, bravely resisted the British advance, upholding for a time the honour of the day; thus covering the retreat of the fugitive monarch, who was unworthy of command. Alas! poor Ireland, your fidelity to princes has ever been destructive to your rights.

Honest Skreen shook his mane; whether in accordance with my feelings, or to discharge the drops that came trickling down his crest, it served to remind me that the reminiscence of 1690 was poor forage for a weary charger.

I have always been attached to the ancient names of my country, and when associated with

national achievements they are doubly objects of my respect. I now recollected, that about a mile to the north a lineal descendant of the illustrious Sarsfield occupied a small farm, and though he had sunk so much from the splendour, he had not lost a particle of the pride of his ancestors. His cabin was in a bleak situation, on the great northern road, and the ungenerous soil around it, with the utmost dint of labour, could barely supply the necessaries of life. Sarsfield, however, was not in indigent circumstances when compared with many others. He had improved his situation by that species of industry to which some of the descendants of our ancient princes have been obliged to bend; in plain English, he entertained the traveller at the expense of his guest; he sold good liquor, and the house of honest Sarsfield had *good call*.

Leaving the Boyne, with all its disastrous recollections behind me, I passed over William's ground of encampment, and soon reached the modern castle of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. I knocked, but not rudely; I respected the fallen glories of my country; for the heath-covered mountain is a domain, and the cottage a castle, where the hero dwells. I had not long to wait, mine host soon attended; and had I not already been prepossessed in his favour, his

appearance must at once have commanded my respect.

He was a man of almost gigantic stature, but so perfectly formed, of such admirable symmetry in every limb, that it was only when the eye had taken the separate dimensions of each that you perceived his vast superiority over the ordinary race of men. Though he had never mixed beyond the peasant circle, there was a suavity in his manners, and a courtesy in his deportment, which would have led the observer at once to pronounce him a gentleman whom the blight of fortune had sunk below that rank in society which nature had designed him to fill. He took hold of my horse, while he invited me to occupy a seat, pointing at the same time to the old Irish fashioned straw-chair, which, from its cumbrous size, is considered a fixture, and generally placed in a comfortable nook convenient to the fire. "Pardon me," said I, "I shall lead my horse to the stable;" and taking the bridle from his hand, "the descendant of Sarsfield shall never be *my* groom." This expression, pronounced with some degree of feeling, won on the moment his confidence and heart. "Welcome," said he, "to Sarsfield, and a thousand times welcome."

We soon adjusted the little matter of etiquette;

and having provided for my horse, I returned with my kind host, who was all anxiety to procure me the best entertainment his cottage could afford. "But in the name of St. Bridget!" he exclaimed, observing the exhalation from my clothes, "have you been swimming the Boyne?" "Even so, Sarsfield," I replied, "and at the precise spot where your gallant ancestor would have changed generals to fight the battle over again." The expression of delight which animated Sarsfield's countenance I shall never forget. Springing from his seat, he grasped me by the arm: "Come," said he, "come, and I will show you the ground where he stood, rallying his countrymen, and calling on his *runaway* king to stand like a man." "Stop, my friend," said I, "I have got quite enough of the Boyne for this night—would that all the enemies of our country were as deep in it as I have been"—"and may the devil take him," said Sarsfield, "who would take *them* out, and now"—filling up a bumper—"we will drink to the memory of those who have fallen." "May the heavens be their bed!" rejoined my host, "and may an Irish heart never bleed for a faithless king." I did justice to the rejoinder of my friend, and depositing a small piece of money on the table, I was about

to depart, when he accosted me with a look, in which the feelings of pride, displeasure, and respect were blended. "Sarsfield's cabin is too humble," said he, "to entertain an Irish gentleman, but a true Irish heart would not refuse the only cheer it could offer; take this back, if Sarsfield's friendship is worth your keeping." The mind of my generous host was too penetrating not to have perceived, from the moment I entered, that I considered myself under the protection of a friend, and this protection I am satisfied he would have afforded me, even at the peril of his life. On parting, he cheered me with one of those old sayings which the native Irish have always at command, and peculiarly adapted to every situation in life. "Remember," said he, and his countenance was still more expressive than his language, "remember, the darkest hour in the twenty-four is the hour before day."

I hurried over the dreary country which extends for two miles from Sarsfield's cabin, reflecting on the policy which constitutes the stranger a friend and the native a foe.—Curse on the barbarous line of distinction.

Leaving the great northern road on my right, and striking off a few miles to the west, I had little difficulty in passing through a country,

which, although it bore a share in the general calamities of Ireland, was not the theatre of civil contest; neither was I a stranger in this peaceful district. I sheltered for a time under the battlements of the ancient Roach, venerable in its ruins, and still formidable in position, nobly picturesque of former greatness. Overhanging one of the richest valleys in Leinster, it is at the same time a monument of her pride and a boundary of her province; while its dilapidated towers recall to our mind the hateful remembrance of her despoilers. The fair country extending to the east, and bounded by an inlet of the Irish sea, was occupied by a strong military force, while the lofty Slieve Gullion, on the left, afforded a shelter, in its deep cavities and impassable rocks, to the houseless inhabitants, whose cottages were only discernible by the smoking ruins. I took a sorrowful survey of the heart-rending scene. I looked in vain for the once happy residence of a dear and much loved friend;—not a trace remained; it had been pillaged and consumed the summer before, and the wild grass now covered the former site of hospitality and friendship.

Winding round the base of the mountain, I perceived a band of licensed ruffians returning

from one of their nocturnal excursions. Their *captain* was absent, but his spirit rested with his companions. His mansion was on the inhospitable moor, but his residence was not more barren than his mind; its illumination was the blaze of the cottage, and the screech of his tortured victim was the only sound grateful to his ear: the plunder of the widow has not increased his wealth, for the curses of his countrymen have blasted what the blight of the mountain might have spared.

The incendiaries occupied the only ground in this marshy quarter which afforded me a passage. Fortunately they were in the very act of quarrelling about the division of their midnight plunder; the contest was warm, and some of the party had proceeded to blows. I spurred forward, and with an assumed confidence inquired the cause of their dispute. Two of the party complained loudly of the injustice of their companions. They were all under the influence of intoxication. I presented them with a small sum of money, and bade them go drink and be friends for the *honour* of the corps. Blessed guardians of public peace, the prop of the state and the security of the throne! But wretched country, when the just complaints of the people

are replied to by stripes, and a bigoted minority is armed against the union and happiness of a nation.

My eye was soon relieved by a prospect which embraces the grand and sublime in the works of nature. Conducted by a narrow winding pass, under rocky cliffs, which at a distance seem impervious to the approach of man, one is almost imperceptibly led to the summit of a lofty mountain overhanging the deep dark bay of Carlingford, and so awfully perpendicular that the boldest nerves recoil from the contemplated descent—but terror in a moment gives place to delight, while the eye rapidly wanders over the beauties that burst upon the view. The majestic hills that encircle the bold expanding bay, decked by the hand of nature in all the grandeur of the towering forest—the whitened canvas, the lively streamers that flutter from a thousand masts, while the stoutest seamen seem pigmies on the busy deck beneath; husbandry, commerce, manufactures, with all the embellishments of taste, have combined to enrich the scenery of this enchanting prospect. The bases of the lofty mountains are studded with mansions of the finest architectural taste, while the deep intervening valley, washed by the limpid waters of the bay, presents the neat and humble

cottage, whose milk-white walls form an enlivening contrast with the shadowing green, reflected from the oak and lofty pine, rising like the undulating wave to the mountain's top. Descending from the craggy steep, I made haste to cross the "*narrowed water's point.*"

The boats on this ferry, though rudely formed, are safe, and not incommodious for the conveyance of man and horse. I found it difficult, however, to procure one, but that difficulty proceeded from a circumstance which was peculiarly favourable to my situation. The opposite side of the ferry was the estate of a gentleman of some notoriety; he had been an early liberal, and his name is recorded as an original member of the Northern Whig club, in the same column with that of his countryman Lord Castlereagh, celebrating in the town of Belfast "The glorious era of the French revolution," and crowning the night with libations to "*Our Sovereign Lord the People.*" A few short years, however, had accomplished a no less extraordinary revolution in the political sentiments of both. One had become a minister of state, the other had arrived to the high distinction of captain-commandant of a yeomanry corps! Happily for my security, the captain and his corps were now at church, supplicating the God of union

and peace to distract the councils that bade France be free, and scatter the arms that threatened the expulsion of despotism from Europe. Our virtuous government had decreed this a day of solemn thanksgiving; the yeomanry had been early on parade, and their pious captain had withdrawn the guard from the ferry side, that all might do honour to that formula of prayer, which the zeal of the church and the wisdom of the state had promulgated. All was silent—the village was hushed—I passed: "This", said I, "is truly a day of grace; torture has been suspended for an *hour*."

Had not Providence favoured me at this critical moment, in all human probability I should not have survived to report the occurrence. I was unconscious of the ferry at any time being guarded. I had remained some time on the shore, in fretful impatience, hailing a boat; and surprised at the caution with which the ferryman proceeded, it was only then I learned the situation of affairs on the opposite side. I had no alternative but to proceed. As I approached the ferry from the Leinster side, the town of Newry lay some miles before me, inclining to the left; between the town and the ferry there was no passage, the intervening space being occupied by the river and canal. The bay of

Carlingford was on my right, and necessity compelled the adoption of the middle course. To me it proved fortunate.

The religious rites of the day had terminated, when the next after me in succession, the humane and kind-hearted Black, crossed the ferry. He had scarcely pressed the shore, when he was rudely seized, suspended by the neck, and though life was not extinguished, he experienced all the terrors and the pains of death. This was a species of punishment so generally practised throughout Ireland, and in which the executioner became so expert, that he prided himself in his knowledge of the extent of human suffering; distinguishing the precise point when the soul, just winged for its flight to a more peaceful world, might yet be detained, by the suspension of animal torture. Merciful Heaven! what refinement in the science of human suffering! Poor Black had given no offence —he had done no wrong—but his benevolent heart was suspected of sympathising in the miseries of his country.

CHAPTER XVII.

Local state of Ulster—Early organization—Subsequent cause of supineness—Yeomanry corps.

ULSTER, though first in organization, and mature in all her arrangements, had as yet made no movement for the field. The fire of the south was wanting, to animate the colder regions of the north; but the spark, though latent, was was not extinct.

Ulster had long been regarded by the Irish government with a jealous eye—her moral situation gave a political ascendancy to her decisions, which were usually stamped with a freedom and boldness becoming the importance of her station and the lettered mind of her independent and wealthy population. To Ulster the other provinces looked with respect; she was the centre of that union which she had so strenuously recommended; and as the early advocate of freedom, and the school of political science, her movements were regarded with more than ordinary concern. But her apparent supineness in the general cause had damped

the enthusiasm of those who wished to model their line of action by the parent stock.

The most forward in promoting the union in Ulster had been the first to arrest the attention of an active administration; and the leaders, who from the attachment or confidence of the people were designated by the name, were generally removed from the scene where that attachment or confidence could be most efficiently employed. Many were at this moment inhaling the noxious damps of the dungeon, or crowded in the tender's pestilential hold. Some had found shelter from persecution in foreign ranks; whilst others, "who wanted nerve for the fight," became recreant to the cause, and changed the standard of union for the ensign of power.

The organization of the union in Ulster had been pursued with a minuteness and technicality of system, in which the other provinces were somewhat deficient: but that very system proved more injurious to her views; while the want of organization favoured the promptness of action which distinguished the counties less familiar with its forms. Confidence in her strength had lulled Ulster into security; and that security was followed by supineness, which wasted by degrees her energy and fire.

Men are the children of habit in every country and in every clime; but our inclinations are favourable to indulgence and ease; and though the mind, when roused by particular excitement, considers no enterprise too daring, it becomes languid from inaction, and sinks back imperceptibly to its original inertness. It was even so in Ulster. The aggressions which had first stimulated to resistance became every day more familiar; and the feelings, if not more callous, certainly not more acute. The very confidence which Ulster felt in her powers of resistance, taught her to bear those aggressions with firmness; and she waited the combination of events to give a simultaneous movement to the whole population. But while she looked for this excitement in the minds of others, she lost the energies of her own—and with an immense organized force, superior in a military point of view to all the other provinces combined, her efforts were the least efficient, and her arms the most promptly suppressed.

Ulster, properly speaking, might have been designated a military province, the intrenched camp of the Irish volunteers. The immense number of these corps, scattered in every direction over the face of the country, had roused a martial spirit, and familiarised the inhabitants

to the use of arms; but this popular force had been suppressed, and government was now actively engaged in forming new levies.

The proud remembrance of the volunteer army of Ulster, associated with the glorious era of 1782, served to render the new corps of yeomanry, who had *assumed* the name of *volunteers*, more unpopular in Ulster than in any other quarter of Ireland. "*Who*", said a political writer of that day, "would attempt to compare the old volunteers with the present yeomen!!! The paltry services of the old corps were remunerated by disgrace, after fourteen years' experience; the present glorious band have not been quite three months in existence, and our virtuous government have expended five hundred thousand pounds of Irish gold upon them!!!"

In this province, particularly, the yeomanry corps were in a great measure composed of men distinguished by violent party feeling. The more liberal minded stood aloof, and a line of separation was formed between those new levies and the people, which caused a rancorous feeling in the breast of the one, and strengthened the aversion and hostility of the other. The greatest possible exertions were used to induce men to enter into these corps; the favour and

protection of government on one hand, their displeasure and resentment, on the other; every local influence was resorted to; the magisterial despot, the influential landlord, and the minister of religion were enlisted partisans in the cause. I by no means presume to arraign the motives which induced many worthy members of society to enter this association. Political as well as religious feelings should be respected; it is tyranny to condemn when conscience is the guide. But while I am disposed to concede the due share of merit to those who, in supporting the Camden administration, conceived they supported the prerogative of the crown, I feel no disposition to rank in the same class the man who boasted a loyalty which he never felt, and feigned an attachment to measures which his soul condemned.

When we consider the population of Ulster, the diversity of sects, the influence of party feeling, and the powerful exertions to revive a spirit of bigotry in its inhabitants, it is a subject of reflection that the yeomanry corps were not more numerous; and it is a fact notorious, that these corps increased in proportion to the disappointed hopes or the personal fears of the men who had most strenuously opposed their formation. The yeomanry ranks afforded a shelter

to the timid, and protection to the man who had not the firmness to abide the fortunes of his country. Those who entered under the impulse of such feelings, were generally distinguished by a more than ordinary zeal in the exercise of the duties connected with the service they had embraced, but they never could command the confidence of the party they espoused... They were designated "double traitors," and all their acts were viewed with evident marks of suspicion and distrust. This was not peculiar to Ulster, nor should we press too hardly on those who, in solicitude for the preservation of their families, their properties, or their lives, yielded to fears which, in the weakness of human nature, we have not always the firmness to resist.

At this unhappy period, the man who was not quiescent under military outrage, or who had the temerity to express his abhorrence of the system which prevailed, was marked as a *rebel*, or held in a state of political excommunication more hostile to his personal safety than the dangers of the field. This reign of terror augmented the yeomanry ranks; for those who wanted nerve to bear up against this general proscription, sought safety in a service from which their hearts recoiled. These men are more deserving of pity than censure; for in this novel mode

of military requisition, no latitude was allowed for the exercise of the independent mind; it alike excluded the right of judgment, and the prerogative of free will; and he was at once stamped as disaffected, and an enemy to the state, who presumed to question its expediency. There were some, however, who entered from motives of a baser nature; and after having deserted their former associates were distinguished by every act of hostility towards them. Where shall we weigh *his* offence, or measure *his* meed of infamy, who, after having encouraged by his influence and example the ardent but thoughtless peasant to resist the strong arm of power, betrayed the confidence of his unsuspecting nature, and shrinking from the cause which he had sworn to maintain, crouched for safety in the ranks which his dastardly soul had not the courage to oppose?

The yeomanry force, though inoperative in a military point of view, was in many cases more formidable than the regular troops. From their knowledge of the country, they served as guides to the army; and, familiar with the passes of the mountain or morass, they sometimes surprised small scattered detachments of the people, whom the regular forces had not the same facility of approaching. They were ad-

mirably expert in cutting down the unarmed peasantry, or the stragglers who from fatigue were unable to keep pace with their several divisions. If they were not adepts in a more manly warfare, they were at least familiar with the excesses which the generous soldier deplores, and, being acquainted with the political sentiments of their neighbours, they had frequent opportunities of singling out such as they either feared or disliked.*

To those who are not acquainted with the local situation of Ulster, its population, wealth, and intelligence, it may not be improper to observe, that a considerable portion of that province is distinguished by manners and habits differing widely from those which mark the character of others. The Scotch and English settlers, from the period of Elizabeth to the accession of Queen Anne, though not confined to Ulster, were principally concentrated there, and the native inhabitants, who were either expelled the province or driven to the mountains, remained altogether a distinct and separate people.

* From the trial of Woolaghan, and the marked censure of Lord Cornwallis on the president and members of the court martial (as in Appendix, No. III.), we may form an idea of the feeling under which some of the yeomanry corps acted at that period.

The line of separation had been carefully drawn, and the policy of England was not to obliterate the mark; and after a lapse of so many years we are still enabled to distinguish the descendants of the settlers of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. But in the expanded system of union, from the year 1795, all distinctions of country and descent were forgotten, and the calculating prudence of the settlers had so far tempered the native warmth of the original inhabitants, that modern Ulster, patient under wrongs, preferred a pacific mode of redress, while one single act of injustice would have roused ancient Ulster to arms, and thousands have bled to revenge a national insult.

The history of Ulster is one of the deepest interest—a mournful lesson of instruction; and the fate of her chiefs a melancholy monument of human greatness. The reign of Elizabeth had consummated the atrocities which her father had commenced, and the cup of Ireland's misery overflowed under the next regal successor, the degenerate and cold hearted James. The fairest province of Ireland had been despoiled, the noblest blood attainted, and the princely inheritance sequestered to enrich the paramour or favourite of a *virgin* queen; and the inhabitants of that unhappy province, which has been desig-

nated the birth-place of heroes, and the tomb of the brave; with exile or poverty for their portion, had no intermission of suffering. The barbarity of Essex, the brutality of Cromwell, the perfidy of the first,* and the cowardice of the second James, though their pretexts were different, all were alike fatal in their consequences.

Amid the misfortunes which it has been the lot of Ireland to sustain, Ulster was doomed to the most overwhelming share. Other provinces have been scourged by the lash of oppression, and bent to the earth by the most iniquitous code which the inventive tyranny of man could devise, yet they still retain some monuments of former greatness, whilst to Ulster scarce a vestige remains. O'Nial, O'Donnell, Iveagh, M'Kenna, M'Mahon, Macguire, whose arms once formed a rampart of steel, from the Irish sea to the Atlantic, all are sunk in the desolating current, and the only inheritance of their sons is the former fame of their sires. We trace them on the mountain's top, we find them in the sequestered valley below, or we

* James the First stirred up the chiefs of Ulster to oppose the authority of Elizabeth, and after his accession to the British throne rewarded them by the confiscation of their estates; six entire counties were sequestrated.

follow them to distant climes, where glory marks their course; but the pride of the Claneboy, and the lofty soul of Tyrconnell's chief, have long ceased to be objects of jealousy or alarm to Britain; and even the reflection to the minds of their countrymen is as the last faint ray of a brilliant sun, sunk below our sensible horizon, contending for a moment with the sable cloud of night, then lost to our vision for ever.

If I have dwelt too long on the present or past state of Ulster, it is because every scene connected with my native province is deeply interwoven with the liveliest feelings of my heart, and associated with local attachments of early remembrance, which no time can efface. Those who have been forced from early connexions by the arm of oppression, will feel with me, that power, though it may sever us from the object of regard, can never estrange our affections or obliterate the remembrance of the past.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Effects of an organized system on the population of Ulster—Lowry and Magenis—their exertions to promote internal tranquillity—Barbarous pastimes of the soldiery.

ULSTER had the command of a powerful force; her people were impatient for action, waiting orders from their superior officers, but in too high a state of organization to act without them. Two of the most active and influential leaders of the province were at this moment absent, Lowry and Magenis. Whether they are to be considered for their moral worth, their high sense of honour, their inflexible integrity and disinterested patriotism, or the purity of the feelings which influenced the best and noblest of hearts, it has not been the fortune of the writer to encounter through life two men more worthy of public confidence and personal esteem. Early intercourse and similarity of feeling had given birth to a friendship which was cemented by misfortune and only terminated in death. Both

had conspicuously contributed to the preservation of the public tranquillity, in allaying the religious animosities which unhappily distracted a great portion of Ulster previous to the general union of Irishmen, and no two men could be better qualified for this truly Christian and charitable undertaking. Magenis was of old and respectable Irish family, the lineal descendant of the ancient lords of Iveagh. The blood of his ancestors ran pure in his veins, and purer never flowed from a generous heart. His influence was powerful, and his exertions unwearied for the public good. Lowry was connected with the most influential Presbyterian families of the north; liberal in mind, engaging in manners, and independent in fortune. The popular character and inestimable qualities of these gentlemen commanded the respect of their countrymen and the admiration of the partisans on either side in this unhappy contest, which, if not suppressed by their humane interposition, must have terminated in the depopulation of the fairest portion of the country.

Unhappily for the tranquillity of Ireland, these religious dissensions were not checked by that authority which possessed the power of controlling them, and the name of religion and the Gospel of peace were the sword and the

brand in the infuriate hands of Irishmen, levelled in their mutual strife against the interests of their common country. Ireland was, perhaps, the only portion of the globe where the dissensions of the people were considered the strength of the state, and where these dissensions were encouraged by an alternate balance of power, not less disgraceful to the government than destructive to the prosperity of the country. The contending parties frequently appeared in arms, and under the very eye of the magistracy, and in the immediate vicinity of a regular military force, they always decided their unfortunate contests in blood. To remedy this evil, to disabuse the mind of prejudice, and to promote "Peace on earth and good will to men," the efforts of Lowry and Magenis were unceasing, and eventually successful.

It is not now necessary to inquire into the origin of these disputes, or who were the primary offenders; it is sufficient that every humane and well-ordered mind deplored them, and if I have been fortunate enough at any period to possess influence with my countrymen, I hope it has never been wanting on these occasions.

As the mutual hostilities of the people declined, and their unhappy dissensions imperceptibly wore away, the intentions of govern-

ment were more publicly displayed, and the rival parties, hostile no longer, had a new and more formidable foe to contend with; but the evil policy of the men to whose weak and wicked councils Ireland had been consigned, served only to increase the union of the people, and cement the bond of affection which common interest and common suffering had formed. The face of the country had assumed a new and more cheerful aspect, the dark gloom of religious bigotry was dispelled, industry flourished, and a happy union of sentiment and Christian feeling succeeded the rancorous animosities which had so lately prevailed.

I had an interview with these attached friends previous to their quitting of Ireland. It was difficult of attainment, and the place of meeting interesting, from a combination of circumstances connected with its local situation—it was the field on which the younger Bruce had fallen *. An unhewn stone of rude mountain granite marks the spot, while it points at the same time to the neighbouring scene of his triumph, where but two summers before he had been invested with the Irish crown. Here we contemplated for a moment the rapid transitions of human greatness, and deplored the misfortunes of a

* Edward, brother to Robert, king of Scotland.

country, whose divisions had ever been the bane of her independence.

Before we quitted the field that gave rest to the labours of the adventurous Bruce, the evening had closed imperceptibly upon us, and night favoured a circuitous route, which circumstances had rendered necessary for personal safety. A little to our left lay the marshy and unwholesome plain where the army of Schomberg lay encamped, on its march to the Boyne; and where, from the humidity of the situation, hardship, and disease, he lost more than four thousand of his men. On the right, inclining a few miles to the west, stood the shattered ruins of Kathleen's castle: we passed it with a feeling of respect, while we gazed on the rugged battlements of the eastern tower, where its fair defender bade defiance to Cromwell's arms, and maintained a gallant siege against the invader of her country*.

* The story is too interesting to be omitted, and the more especially, as it has not been the subject of written record, though universally received on national tradition. This venerable castle, the ruins of which now only remain, was considered in the days of Cromwell's invasion a formidable position. Its noble proprietor had marched out to meet the invader of his country, and fell in a desperate conflict with Cromwell's forces. The Lady Kathleen, to whom her husband had committed, during his absence, the defence of the castle, was only

The night favoured our route, while the blazing cottage proclaimed the enemy on the alert; but this circumstance afforded room to hope, that the object of their search had been fortunate enough to elude their pursuit, in which case his cottage was generally burned: if found in his dwelling, he was grossly abused, or carried to the most convenient military post, where he encountered during the night every species of insult and brutal outrage; or in the morning was perhaps tied up to the triangles, while the pastime of the soldiery was to count how many stripes the unfortunate victim was able to

apprised of her misfortune by the appearance of the enemy under its walls. With the most heroic courage she prepared for defence, and commanded the garrison to bury themselves in the ruins rather than submit to the merciless Cromwell. They resisted the assault, and defended their post with the firmness of men determined on death. The outworks having been stormed, and part of the castle on fire, the infant heir fell into the hands of the assailants. The brutal Cromwell ordered the child to be affixed to a pike, and held up to the eastern tower, where the Lady Kathleen stood calmly directing the defence. Maternal feeling yielded to what the force of arms were unable to effect, and in an agony of grief she ordered a surrender. The entire garrison, with its heroic and lovely commander, were put to the sword. This distinguished lady was the rich heiress of Colonel George Taaffe, whose family long bore the title of earl of Carlingford.

bear, until, from the nervous convulsion of his frame in the paroxysm of his agony, he made the triangles shake. And the man who resisted this torture was a rebel!

The night passed, and the gray dawn of morning just afforded light sufficient to distinguish objects. A small party of a Highland regiment had been despatched from the little village of D—— to search for arms*. They stopped at the cabin of a peasant, and demanded entrance. Poor Pat had a cow, a rare blessing. He was in the act of cleansing its miserable hovel, with a large three-pronged fork, when he observed the soldiers around his cottage. Irishmen generally act from the first impulse; and the first impulse of Pat's mind at this moment was self-preservation. He darted from the hovel, and with the long fork in his hand, dashed through the astonished soldiers, heading his course towards a neighbouring bog, bounded by the road over which we passed. The party pursued—Pat had gained an important point. The attention of the enemy was drawn off from his *castle*, and his little family had time to make arrange-

* The Highland regiments were distinguished in Ireland for humane and orderly behaviour, strict discipline, and soldier-like conduct.

ments for their safety. The pursuit was hot, but the retreat still more vigorous; the incumbrance of brogues was soon laid aside, and Pat, in his native phraseology, gained the bog in a *jiffey*. He was more fleet than his pursuers; but a stout, lengthy, brawny grenadier, as familiar with bog and mountain as the best Irishman in the province, had far outrun his companions, and every moment gaining ground in the pursuit, was just within bayonet reach, when Pat, wheeling rapidly round, charged him with his long three-pronged fork in front; the thrust was a home one, and the Highlander fell. Pat, who in all his varieties of life had never seen the Highland costume before, gazed in surprise on his fallen enemy, addressing him in his native language—"Though eshin, lhat augus gu neineg sheighmough yut S' Dioul un daugh viegh urth er maudin um eigh sheigh, augus taught amaugh gou dugh brieshtiegh."—"Take that, and much good may it do you; you were in a devil of a hurry after me this morning, when you did not wait to put on your breeches."

We now changed our route, which during the night had been directed to the west, and bounded by the smooth deep lake over which rise the ruins of Ferney's ancient castle, gloomy and dark as the deed it records, an imperishable

monument of broken faith and outraged hospitality *.

The morning sun had given a fresh aspect to nature, and freed from the chilling damps of night, we enjoyed the rich expanded prospect, which lay far to the east before us. The fruitful valleys extending to the right, rich in pasture and abounding in corn. The rugged mountains on the left, sheltering the bold and capacious bay, where Irish valour triumphed, and self-immolation gave victory to her naval chief. Far as the eye could discern, bounding the distant horizon on the north, the lofty Slieve Donard, with towering head, seemed to contend with the clouds.

We journeyed, somewhat sorrowful, towards the coast, for the hour of separation drew near. We lingered unwilling to part, but fate or fortune urged, and the decree was irresistible.

* In the period of Sir William Fitzwilliam's administration of Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth, M'Mahon, the Black Baron, chieftain of Ferney, was escorted from Dublin by the Lord Deputy, with a formidable retinue, under pretence of establishing him in the peaceable possession of his extensive estates in Ulster.—On the third day after their arrival at Ferney Castle, the unfortunate M'Mahon, having undergone the mockery of a trial by a jury of common soldiers, was executed at his own door, and his estates divided by the Lord Deputy amongst the officers of the escort.

Magenis was brave, but his heart was stricken with grief—he had just fled from the horrors of conflagration, of torture, and death—he had but a short period before seen his mansion consumed, and had scarce time to rescue from the flames his young and interesting wife, with their infant child. Proclaimed a rebel, with the price of his political offences on his head, he had no alternative but exile. He bade me an affectionate farewell, struggling to conceal the painful emotions of his soul, and pronouncing in a tone of voice scarcely audible, the name of wife and child, I perceived he anticipated that protection which the ties of friendship and consanguinity demanded. Kind, hospitable, and brave, he was the uniform foe of oppression and the friend of distress. The generous heart of Lowry seemed to feel the misfortunes of his friend more than his own; both were equally committed, for neither could view the miseries of his country, and remain an inactive spectator of the scene; we parted with deep regret on either side—a moment, and escape had been impracticable.

CHAPTER XIX.

Antrim and Down—Rising of the United Irishmen in Antrim—Henry Joy M'Cracken, commander—Battle of Antrim—Defeat of the United forces.

THE two principal counties of Ulster, Antrim and Down, which had previously declared for action, impatient of the restraint imposed by the indecision of their leaders, and ashamed that the first in organization should be the last to take the field, hastened to erect the standard as a rallying point to the province.

The chief command in Down had been early assigned to Russell, and the military organization of this county was considered complete, when talent and virtue were combined in the person of its chief. The early days of Russell had been devoted to military pursuits, but the milder lessons of classic science had not been forgotten. Gentle by nature, but lofty in soul, he was enthusiastic in all his attachments; and while he bore personal privations with an heroic

firmness, he felt the keenest sensibility for the misfortunes of others. A model of manly beauty, he seemed formed no less *for admiration* than command, and won by the mildness of his manners, and the purity of his heart, that marked distinction which was more the spontaneous offering to superior worth, than looked for or assumed by the unconscious possessor. His military character had been stamped by the approval of the first captain of the age (the Marquis Cornwallis, with whom he served in India), and his literary taste was an earnest of that refinement which marked the rising genius in "the Athens of Ireland." He was the friend and associate of the classic Drennan, and a similarity of feeling first led to the contemplated establishment of that school of science, which justly forms the pride of his adopted town. Such was the man who, in this eventful crisis of his country, had been selected for the chief command in Down. But Russell was now the tenant of the dungeon, incarcerated with other prisoners of state, Emmett, M'Nevin, O'Connor, Sweetman, Jackson, Bond—in fact, a host of Irishmen whose love of country was unconquerable, and whose names are endeared to us by their talents and misfortunes. Even now,

while my hand traces this page, I hear the death of Thomas Addis Emmett announced; the mournful intelligence has been conveyed to his country through the journals of the United States. Full of years and full of virtues, he has terminated an eventful but an honourable life; and, in his death, one of the brightest links that united "the suffering friends of benevolence" has been broken. If sentiments purely disinterested and unambitious ever influenced the breast of man, it was the breast of Emmett. High-minded, generous, and sincere, he was a self-devoted victim for the preservation of others. Unrivalled in talent and unbending in misfortune, he won the admiration of a generous people, who were proud to estimate the qualities of the man whose virtues shed a lustre on the land of his adoption; and while the friends of freedom, in the Old and the New World, shall mourn his loss, the life of Thomas Addis Emmett will be regarded as a model for the patriot of future years.

In the absence of Russell another leader had been appointed, the Rev. William Steele Dickson, a man whose courage, popularity, and bold decision, independent of the better qualities of his mind, fitted him for the important station.

He had been the early asserter of Ireland's independence, the eloquent advocate of his Catholic countrymen for the full enjoyment of their civil rights, and had on some occasions to encounter a torrent of bigotry which required no ordinary nerve to resist. Sacrificing personal interest at the shrine of national right, he was refused any participation in the *Regium Donum* which was extended to the several ministers of his Communion in the synod of Ulster; but he preferred poverty with virtue to the allurements of fortune with a compromise of principle.

The talents of Dickson were of too conspicuous a nature to escape the observation of his countrymen; he bore powerful sway with the Presbyterians of Ulster, whose synod was enlightened by the blaze of his eloquence and the gigantic powers of his mind. The following short quotation from his speech in the presence of the volunteer army of Ulster, when commemorating the anniversary of the French revolution, evinces his expanded liberality. On this memorable occasion, the claims of his Catholic countrymen were advocated with a manly boldness on one hand, and opposed with a specious shew of liberality on the other. "The gentleman", said Dickson, "has declared himself the admirer of unqualified freedom in France, while

he is the partial and temporising advocate of liberty at home—he would admit his Catholic countrymen *by degrees* to a participation in our civil rights, and extend those blessings *from time to time* which God and nature have decreed the immutable inheritance of man. May I ask what period would he assign for the ultimate emancipation of his countrymen—is it in this century, or is it in the next—is it in this world, or is it in the world to come? Shall a small minority presume to decree whether four millions of their fellow-citizens shall be freemen or slaves? Our Catholic countrymen have only to assert their rights, and they will shake off their fetters with as much ease as the lion scatters the dew from his mane."

Dickson repaired to his post, but was arrested, with two of his staff; the others, having been apprised of his misfortune, eluded the vigilance of those into whose hands he had fallen. Down was now without a first in command; the centre of unity was broken, and the more subordinate chiefs were either dispersed, secured, or overawed by the prompt and decisive measures which followed.

Antrim had determined to act in conjunction with Down, and by dividing the attention of the enemy, these counties would have been an

overmatch for the British troops which garrisoned both. The period of action had been previously arranged, and the respective duties assigned; but Antrim, being prepared for the field, could not be induced to wait the appointment of a new commander for Down. To supply the place of Dickson was not an easy task, nor to restore that confidence to the minds of his countrymen which his arrest had sensibly weakened. Down urged the necessity of delay, but Antrim was resolved—was already committed. Her military chiefs had assembled in council; numbers had quitted their homes for the field; they had bidden an affectionate, and some an eternal adieu to the objects of their tenderest regard. All waited orders from the first in command, when, to their inexpressible astonishment, his formal resignation was announced.

There was now no safety in return, no encouraging hope in advance; the secession of the chief communicated doubt and alarm to others; mutual suspicion and mutual fears were excited in the breasts of all: the council wavered in their decisions, they ordered and counter-ordered, and eventually retired to deliberate anew. In the mean time, intelligence arrived that the British troops were on their march, and their ad-

vanced guard of cavalry within one mile of the seat of deliberation. Flight secured the safety of those who wanted nerve for the field, while in this moment of consternation the attention of the bolder spirits was directed to the man on whose talent and firmness all could rely; this was the gallant M'Cracken, into whose breast no timid counsel ever found entrance. He promptly obeyed the call, and placed in that situation which had been so recently abandoned, he devoted his life to the hopes and security of his country.

M'Cracken was possessed of all that energy of soul, which is the inseparable companion of the noble mind, and marks the character of those, who in the perilous path to freedom must too often sacrifice the softer ties of kindred and domestic attachments; his heart was formed for the enjoyment of these, but embraced the wrongs of the human race.

The British troops were in possession of the town of Antrim; it was a station of some importance, and though unprovided for defensive warfare, its local situation rendered it an object no less desirable to the British than the United forces. Belfast, lying about twelve miles distant, was strongly garrisoned, and the principal military depôt in Ulster, while the British camp of Blaris Moore, in a more southerly direction, was

nearly equidistant to both. Antrim was surrounded by a rich and populous country; it opened a line of communication to the western district, which in the military arrangements of Ulster was an object of the first attention. A cordial co-operation was expected from the counties of Derry and Donegal, and had they coalesced in the movements of Antrim, and Down maintained its military position, Ulster would have presented a most imposing appearance, from the Atlantic on the west to the Irish Channel on the east.

While Antrim remained in possession of the King's troops, supported by the garrison of Belfast and the camp of Blaris Moore, the United forces had little prospect of making any formidable stand or co-operating with the counties of Derry and Donegal. M'Cracken, whose mind was quick and comprehensive, perceived at once the importance of this station, and immediately formed the bold resolution of marching on Antrim. As first in command, he addressed the following prompt and hasty order to the United troops now assembling in the northern district:—

"ARMY OF ULSTER,

"To-morrow we march on Antrim; drive

the garrison of Randalstown before you, and haste to form a junction with the commander-in-chief.

"HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN.

"1st year of Liberty, 6th day of June 1798."

The first division of M'Cracken's army marched from Cregarogan Fort, one of those ancient fortresses in which the Irish antiquarian seems still in doubt as to the period of their formation. This division was joined by the United troops of Templepatrick and Killead, many of whom, being old volunteers, were familiar with the musket, and not unacquainted with the use of artillery. M'Cracken formed his men into three divisions; the musketeers in front marched with a firm and steady pace; the pikemen, more numerous, occupied the centre, and two brass field-pieces of six-pound calibre closed the rear; the most perfect order was observed in their line of march; their silence was only interrupted by the note of the bugle or the fife, and the more solemn but animating sound of the Marsellois hymn, which, at intervals being sung in chorus, produced an imposing effect, while the lively banners of native green waved from the centre of each division.

M'Cracken halted his men within view of the town; he harangued them with a feeling well calculated to confirm their confidence and courage; this was replied to by the universal cry, "Lead us to liberty or death!" Some of the inhabitants having fled from the town, represented in the most touching language the distress which the occupation of it by the British troops had occasioned; and the blaze of some cabins which had been fired in the outlets, but too fully confirmed the report.

On the part of the British troops nothing seemed wanting in their arrangements for defence; the foot occupied a strong position in front of what is termed the castle-gate, the cavalry were covered by the walls which surrounded the church, and this post was further strengthened by troops which had just arrived from the camp of Blaris Moore, while the cannon planted near the centre of the town, commanded the open and wide extending street between both.

The advance of M'Cracken was bold, and the resistance not less determined; the cavalry were the first to oppose his entrance, and received him with a steady and well-directed fire: but the division of M'Cracken continued to advance, and on the third discharge from the

enemy, commenced a fire so galling, that the cavalry were forced to give way. A second division of the United troops had by this time penetrated the town in an opposite direction, and bringing one of their guns to bear on the infantry at the castle-gate, forced their position; the infantry took shelter under the walls, while their cannon raked the assailants, who in close columns were exposed to all its fury in the open street.

A division of pikemen now advanced with the bold determination of carrying the enemy's guns, but were repulsed by repeated discharges of grape-shot, after displaying the most heroic courage and indifference to life; they at length succeeded in gaining the churchyard, where, under cover of their musketry, they had time to rally and form. The well-directed fire from the British cannon dismounted a gun which had enabled the people to maintain their position near the castle-gate; the cavalry seizing the favourable moment made a gallant charge, and were received with no less bravery by a band of pikemen, who defended the dismounted piece of ordnance.

In this action Colonel Lumley, the commander of the cavalry, was wounded. His cool intrepidity and manly conduct throughout the

day was the admiration of the contending ranks. Again he charged, when, encountering the phalanx of pikemen who rushed from the churchyard to receive him, his division sustained a most serious loss; many fell, who coming in contact with the pike, were unable to resist its force, or guard against its deadly thrust.

It was now that M'Cracken displayed that bold and daring spirit so conspicuous in the leaders of the Wexford campaign. Following up his success, he pressed on the foe, drove the enemy from their guns, bore down rank after rank in succession, mingling hand to hand with the bravest in the fight. In an hour after his entry he became master of the town, but a fatal mistake blasted his success, and changed at once the fortune of the day.

The troops from the northern district of Antrim were on their march; they had obeyed the prompt order of the commander-in-chief, and forced the timid garrison, which opposed but feeble resistance. They were within a short distance of the appointed rendezvous, when meeting a corps of retreating cavalry, who had been forced to abandon the town, they mistook their flight for a charge, and under the impression that their division had arrived too late to afford relief or co-operate in the action of the

day, they precipitately fled. This circumstance restored confidence to the British troops; they halted, and reinforcements having arrived from Belfast and the camp of Blaris Moore, the fugitive garrison in conjunction with these became the assailants. The transaction was witnessed by a small corps of observation which followed the enemy's retreat to mark their movements: this corps hastened back to the town, and communicating the panic, it rapidly extended to others.

Every thing that talent and courage could suggest was attempted on the part of M'Cracken to restore order and reanimate the sinking spirit of his troops in that quarter where the panic most prevailed; but expostulation, encouragement, threat—all were alike disregarded. He seized a pike, and placing himself in the front, menaced with death the man who should dare to flinch from his colours: but terror had now taken possession of the breasts which had lately been fired to the highest excitement of courage, and giving way to the most ungovernable fears, they sought safety in flight, and actually bore down in their confused retreat the man who but a moment before had proudly led them to victory. Their flight was more fatal than the most determined resistance, for encountering a body

of cavalry; many were cut down with an unsparing hand, and fell victims to that terror which too often plunges men into the misfortune they seek to avoid.

One division still maintained its position, which from its determined and heroic courage M'Cracken had designated "The Spartan Band." This was commanded by the faithful Hope, a man whose talents were far above his fortunes, and whose fidelity, as well on this occasion as in subsequent calamities of his country, would have honoured the days of ancient chivalry. On this post a vigorous attack had been made, with the view of effecting a lodgment, which would have commanded an easy entrance to the town. It was assailed and defended with the most obstinate courage, but the assailants were forced to retire. A small detachment of cavalry which had debouched to the left advanced at full gallop, conceiving it to be in possession of the division of which they formed a part. Their alarm was equal to their surprise on finding themselves surrounded: they conceived their destruction inevitable, and awaited their fate in silence, but the generosity of Hope triumphed over every feeling of hostility or revenge:—"Go;" said he, "your numbers are too few for the sacrifice—join your comrades,

and tell them that the army of the Union feels no triumph in the destruction of the defenceless and the weak." But the fate of the day had been already decided; every effort to rally on the part of M'Cracken was ineffectual; the panic from partial became general, and rout followed.

The brave division of Hope was now obliged to abandon that post which they had so nobly maintained. They made a last effort to uphold the honour of the day: they marched with boldness, and in the face of a victorious enemy they halted. They presented an iron front; they sustained the fire of musketry and cannon, and retired with a reluctant step when resistance was vain, and the last hope of victory had fled. They effected a retreat with order, and planted the tattered ensign of their valour on the heights of Donegore. Here M'Cracken collected such of his scattered forces as had escaped the perils of the day or retained firmness for another trial of arms.

Ballymena, a town of some importance a few miles to the north, was in the possession of the people, and a junction with these was considered desirable, as the only means of retrieving the loss which the recent disasters had occasioned. Thither it was resolved they should march, but

it was a difficult task to hold men together after defeat, when privations hourly increased and the ardour of their spirit was broken. M'Cracken took post on the lofty Sle. .nish, with numbers not exceeding one hundred men. Here, encompassed by a force of four hundred disciplined troops, he prepared to try the fortune of the field, when the British commander, Colonel Clavering, proposed terms of capitulation. These terms were, full and perfect amnesty on delivering up four of their chiefs, for whom he personally offered a reward of 400*l.* This proposal was spurned by the troops of M'Cracken with proper feelings of indignation. They immediately proclaimed Clavering a rebel, an enemy to the union of Irishmen, and offered 400*l.* for his capture, living or dead.

Whether this *gallant* officer conceived it imprudent to attack men whom circumstances had rendered desperate, or whether, in consideration of the nature and extent of their position affording facilities for a protracted warfare, he was induced to adopt precautionary measures, he certainly did not exhibit a very bold or soldierly line of conduct. M'Cracken continued to occupy the heights, and when no prospect appeared of forcing him from his position, Clavering threatened to fire the surrounding coun-

try, in retaliation for the obstinate resistance of a handful of brave and determined men. M'Cracken yielded to the feelings of humanity what the force of his enemy could not have obtained, and he withdrew from the heights, his little band considerably reduced from fatigue and the privations of a mountain campaign. He indulged for a time the hope of penetrating to Wicklow or Kildare, but finding the measure impracticable, he recommended his followers to provide for their personal safety. With seven attached friends he proceeded to the lesser Collon, and baffled by a masterly manœuvre the vigilance of a corps that hung on his retreat but was unable to impede his march. This manœuvre, though simple, evinced the military talent of the leader, and impressed the enemy with the idea that his numbers were more formidable. Favoured by the nature of the ground, they appeared at intervals on different heights, exhibiting at one time the hurried march of men stripped to their shirts, while the clothes of which they had disencumbered themselves being affixed to poles, presented to the enemy in another direction the appearance of an additional force; these were again as quickly removed, and the rapidity of the change, and the velocity of his movements, were successful in distract-

ing the enemy's attention, who, fearing to press too closely on him, remained at a secure distance, while he carried off his little band in safety in the presence of a yeomanry force of fifty men. But the hour of his destiny was at hand: his movements were closely watched, and his friends too few to make any successful effort to support him,—he fell into the hands of the enemy. On the scaffold he evinced the firmness which he displayed in the field, and his martial courage was only surpassed by the superior virtues of his soul.

Few had better opportunities than myself of estimating the qualities of M'Cracken. He was my fellow-prisoner for twelve months, and often the companion of my cell. Lively, generous, and sincere, I met no man who bore privations with greater firmness. A short sketch has been drawn by one of his companions in arms who survived the fatal catastrophe.—"I saw him", said he, "as he marched for the field; his loose flowing locks were confined by the helm which shaded the arch of his manly brow, while his eye beamed with the fire which animated his soul, pure as the breeze from his native mountain, and generous as the floods which fertilize the valleys. The damps of the dungeon had rendered pallid his cheek and less robust his

form, but the vigour of his mind was uninjured by the tyranny of the oppressor. I saw him in the blazė of his conquest—I saw him in the chill of defeat. I witnessed his splendour in arms, and the pride of his soul in distress. Circumstances unavoidably separated us. A little time,—and he was the tenant of the tomb!"

CHAPTER XX.

Assembling of the United Troops in Down—Action near Saintfield—Attack on Portaferry—Battle of Ballynahinch—Total Suppression of the United Irishmen in Ulster.

THE disasters which followed the rising in Antrim had not the effect of intimidating Down, but a fatality attended their separate movements. Had they acted in concert, a different result might have been produced. The other counties of the province, though apparently tranquil, were far from composed, and had they risen simultaneously, the whole British force in Ulster would not have been able to suppress them. Antrim and Down alone could have produced more men for the field than the government of Lord Camden might have found it prudent to contend with.

The decisive battle of Antrim was fought on the 7th of June, and though M'Cracken had been able to maintain a fugitive warfare, with a few brave and determined followers, the spirit of

the county was broken, and no exertion of his was successful in restoring it.

The United Irishmen of Down first appeared in arms on the 9th, in the neighbourhood of Saintfield, but before any formidable number had assembled, they were forced into action. The town of Newtownards, a few miles distant, was garrisoned by an English regiment, the York Fencibles; these, under the command of Colonel Stapleton, together with a corps of yeoman cavalry, another of infantry, and two light pieces of cannon, marched with haste to dislodge them. Informed of Colonel Stapleton's advance, the people posted themselves in the line of his march, a short distance from the town of Saintfield, occupying the space between high and close hedges, which, then in full verdure, shadowed the road on each side over which he must pass. Here they awaited Stapleton's approach, and here they must have succeeded in cutting off his entire division, had it not been for the temerity of an individual, who observing in the yeomanry ranks a gentleman conspicuous for *loyalty*, the Rev. Mr. Mortimer, rector of Comber, levelled his musket and fired —Mortimer fell.

This shot was the first intimation to Stapleton of his perilous situation; about one half of

his force were already within the line of the hedges, when he discovered the position of the United troops, and the action instantly commenced. Such of the British as were within the hedges suffered severely; many fell before any effectual resistance could be made. Captain Unit, of the York, at the head of the light company, at length succeeded in forcing one of the hedges; he was received on the opposite side by a body of pikemen, and fell gallantly fighting at the head of his company, most of whom perished with him.

The action now became more general. Such of the British troops as had not entered the defile, were able to form; they were assailed with much intrepidity by the people, but eventually succeeded in beating them off, at least so far as to enable Colonel Stapleton to effect an orderly retreat to Comber. This little affair, though indecisive, was sanguinary; no prisoners were taken on either side. Stapleton occupied Comber for the night, while the United troops entered Saintfield, and remained in the undisputed possession of the town.

On Sunday, the 10th, it was understood that the men of Ards had taken up arms; they were regarded as a prudent, but a bold and determined people; Stapleton marched from Comber

to oppose them. The distance was short: a little time would have brought the parties into contact, but Stapleton changed his route and proceeded towards Belfast.

While the inhabitants of the northern division of the barony of Ards were assembling, those of the southern had marched at an early hour in the morning against Portaferry. Captain Mathews, a brave and experienced veteran, had the command of that town, and displayed considerable talent in its defence. The only force he had for its protection was one on which, as a military man, he seemed to place but little reliance: this was the yeomanry;—but Mathews was determined they should fight; he inclosed them in the market-house, and directing the captain of a revenue cruizer, then lying in the river, to bring his guns to bear on the street, he waited the approach of the people, who were now advancing on the town in considerable force.

The yeomanry had no alternative—fight they must; the guns from the cruizer commanding the open street, were alike pointed against those who advanced or those who might be disposed to fly—the pikemen in an opposite direction—the market-house between. Self preservation forced a sort of courage,—Mathews cheered his

forlorn hope—a number of pikemen fell by the first discharge—the Ards men advanced—again they received a volley from the fortress. The shot from the cruizer by this time began to tell; men dropped in every direction, ignorant of the force by which they were assailed; their exposed situation in the street, with the pressure in the rear, soon caused confusion in the front, and unable to return the fire with proportionate effect, they retreated from the town.

Mathews, satisfied with the result of the action, but not considering it prudent to risk a second, passed over to Strangford with his yeomen, who had calculated so little on their own powers of resistance, that some actually conceived, for the moment, that they themselves were the runaways.

The rising in the northern parts of Down had now become pretty general. On the morning of the 10th a considerable body of men, chiefly armed with pikes, entered Newtown Ards; they were repulsed, but returning in the course of the day with additional numbers, and a few pieces of small ship cannon, they took quiet possession of the town, which had been previously evacuated by the slender garrison that had successfully opposed them in the morning. From

Newtown Ards they proceeded to the mountain of Scrabo, and thence marched in the night for Saintfield.

Saintfield was now the general rendezvous of the United troops, and on the morning of the 11th presented an aggregate force of nearly 7000 men. No chief had been appointed to the command of Down since the arrest of Dickson; at this moment Monroe arrived, and presenting himself to the assembled forces, was unanimously elected their commander.

Monroe was a man of much spirit and enterprise; he had from his boyhood been a member of the Irish volunteers, and possessed a considerable portion of military talent, heightened by a romantic and almost chivalrous courage. Rather under the middle stature, he was peculiarly well formed, remarkably expert in all the manly exercises where vigour and activity are combined, and just at that period of life when the frame has acquired the full nerve of manhood, alike distant from the softness of youth or the inflexibility of age. Few men were better fitted for the active duties of the field; but those qualifications so desirable in a leader, were more than counterbalanced by a romantic love of glory and a mistaken feeling of honour,

which impelled him to reject more temperate counsels, when opposed to that thirst of fame which formed the leading passion of his breast.

The arrangements of Monroe discovered a military genius which presaged the most favourable results, and confirmed the confidence of those who had selected him for the command. He despatched a force on the 11th, under the command of Townshend, a brave and confidential officer, to take possession of Ballynahinch. The small garrison fled on Townshend's approach, having first hanged two of the inhabitants whom they had previously retained as prisoners.

Monroe continued to occupy, during this day, the commanding heights around Saintfield, posting a strong force on Creevy Rocks, to oppose the march of the enemy, should they be inclined to interrupt his line of operations. On Tuesday, the 12th, he marched for Ballynahinch, the rear of his army covered by the division on Creevy Rocks. He now learned that the British troops, under the command of General Nugent, supported by General Barber of the royal artillery, had marched from Belfast to attack him, and proceeded to make the best arrangements for defence which the nature of his ground admitted.

Nugent's line of march, as it drew near to Ballynahinch, lay by the side of a steep hill, on the summit of which was a wind-mill. The ground on each side of the road was divided into small fields, and from the acclivity of the situation, the fences rose one above the other, forming a kind of amphitheatre. Here Monroe posted some of his best musketeers ambuscaded behind the fences, assigning this important post to M'Cance, an officer who displayed throughout the action the most steady and determined courage. He then drew up the main body of his army on the bold and commanding hill of Ednevady, which rises to a considerable height about a quarter of a mile in a south-westerly direction from the town; while the Windmill station, occupied by M'Cance, was nearly equidistant from the latter in a north-easterly position.

Thus posted, Monroe waited the approach of the British army, which was presently announced by a rising blaze; for as far as the eye could discern they had fired the country throughout their line of march. Monroe vigilantly watched their movements, and in order the more effectually to ensure the success of the ambuscade on the Windmill-hill, he despatched a force to an adjoining eminence, which he naturally concluded would engage the attention of

the British commander, while it might serve at the same time to check the advance of a division on its march from Downpatrick to co-operate with the troops from Belfast. This division soon appeared, and succeeded in forming a junction with the army of General Nugent. On a preconcerted signal being made (the discharge of two pieces of artillery) they hastened across the fields, and avoided the detachment which Monroe had placed to intercept them.

By this time the British general had advanced within range of the United division posted on the eminence, and hastened to dislodge it, when M'Cance opened a fire from his ambuscade, and with such spirit and effect that the whole British line was interrupted in its advance and kept in check for more than an hour with a considerable loss of men, while his little band sustained no serious injury. The division which had been the first object of General Nugent's attention, having suffered from the shot and shells of the royal artillery, retreated, and succeeded in gaining the summit of the Windmill-hill; this was an important, and to the British an annoying post. Several attempts were made by them to carry it, but from its advantageous position and the well directed fire, many of the British troops evinced an unwillingness to ap-

proach it; and in one regiment in particular the utmost exertions of the officers were necessary to induce the men to advance.

The army of Nugent now formed between the hill and the town, presenting a front and directing their fire on both. Monroe was totally defective in cannon; a few ship-guns of small calibre were all he could command, and these were of little service opposed to the British artillery under General Barber, an efficient and experienced officer.

In this posture of affairs, Monroe considered it prudent to withdraw his men from the Windmill-hill, and unable to resist the fire from the British cannon that played upon the town, he abandoned the idea of defending it, and resolved on concentrating his entire force on Ednevady, preparatory to a general attack on the British line. He sent orders to M'Cance to retire from the post which he had defended with so much courage and ability, while Townshend received instructions to evacuate Ballynahinch, some of the houses of which had now taken fire from the discharge of the shells. M'Cance refused to obey the first and second order, earnestly soliciting a reinforcement from the commander-in-chief, but on the arrival of the third messenger with more positive orders, he quitted his post

with reluctance and an agitation of mind which he was unable to conceal.

A British regiment now advanced to occupy the post which had been just abandoned. On this occasion one of those extraordinary acts of enthusiasm was evinced, often discernible in the Irish peasant character. On retiring from the hill, the division left two of its numbers behind; one had absolutely refused to quit his post; the other had for some days previously encountered great bodily fatigue, he had fought at Saintfield on the 9th, was incessant in every pursuit connected with the duties assigned him, but exhausted with toil and unable to follow his division, he extended himself on the ground and sunk into a profound sleep. The former, on the advance of the enemy up the hill still maintained his position, and, being an excellent marksman, continued to fire with effect; when, having discharged his last round; he bounded over the fences and gained his division in safety. The latter was only roused from his stupor by the hurried pressure of feet over his prostrate body. When it was discovered that life was not extinct, he was ordered for immediate execution. "I came here to die," he observed with the greatest possible composure, "and whether on Ednevady or the Windmill-hill, it can make little differ-

ence." He was suspended to one of the arms of the windmill, and his body in that situation exposed for the remainder of the evening and the following day.

Monroe having drawn in his several posts and formed his line for action, offered battle to the British troops; but the evening being far advanced, they contented themselves with throwing shot and shells on the hill with little intermission and little effect. In the course of the night, having entered the town, much disorder prevailed, and chiefly amongst the yeomanry corps; a numerous body of these had marched under Nugent's command, and giving loose to pillage and excess, brutal intoxication consequently followed. Men and horses were promiscuously scattered through the streets, houses fired in several directions; a general relaxation of discipline prevailed, or rather all discipline was sunk in licentiousness.

The United troops rested on their arms. It was a night of deep interest and awful suspense. Monroe, ever on the alert, passed from rank to rank, cheering, encouraging, and relieving the wants of his companions.

A friendly messenger from the town presented himself at the outposts, and was conveyed to head-quarters. He represented the disorganised

state of the enemy,—their unguarded situation,—and suggested the propriety of an immediate attack. A council of war was assembled,—the voice of the people declared for *instant* action, the commander-in-chief alone opposed it. The discussion was warm and animated,—the best spirit prevailed amongst the troops,—the proudest feelings had been roused by the bold exertions of the day, and those feelings had not yet subsided. The ammunition was insufficient for to-morrow, but ammunition was not wanting for a night-attack, for the pike and the bayonet were more efficient. To-morrow might reinforce the enemy's ranks,—to-night every thing favoured an attack, while fortune seemed to have placed an easy victory within their reach.

Such were the arguments advanced; but the mind of Monroe was not to be changed, his resolution had been formed and remained immoveable. "We scorn", said he, "to avail ourselves of the ungenerous advantage which night affords;—we will meet them in the blush of open day,—we will fight them like men; not under the cloud of night, but the first rays of to-morrow's sun." This determination was received with discontent by the troops, and many retired from the field. A division of nearly seven hundred men, and more generally armed

with muskets than the rest, marched off in one body with their leader. Such was the romantic character of the man in whose hand was placed the destiny of thousands.

On the morning of the 13th, at the first dawn, Monroe formed his men for action; and though their numbers had been sensibly diminished during the night, they betrayed no want of courage or confidence in their commander. He commenced the attack by a discharge from eight small pieces of ship cannon, which were drawn up against the town, and, under all circumstances, well served; these were promptly replied to by the heavy artillery of the enemy. A strong division marched from the hill, with the view of penetrating the town on the right; while Monroe headed in person a more formidable column, directing his march to the left. General Nugent despatched a body of troops to contend the ground with the former, who waited their approach, drawn up in a solid square, and received them with a destructive fire, which checked their advance; but the officer commanding the British troops having fallen, his men gave way and hastily retreated into the town.

The column led by Monroe consisted of the greater part of the disposable force which re-

mained, and no men could have displayed greater courage and enthusiasm than they evinced in the advance. They bore down all opposition; forced an entrance into the town, under the most destructive fire of musketry and cannon, repeated rounds of grape-shot sweeping whole ranks, which were as rapidly replaced. A piece of heavy artillery fell into the hands of the pikemen, who charged to the very muzzle of the guns.

Monroe gained the centre of the town, where, exposed to a cross fire of musketry in the market-square, raked by the artillery, his ammunition exhausted, he pressed boldly on the enemy with the bayonet and the pike; the charge was irresistible, and the British general ordered a retreat. Here followed one of the most extraordinary scenes, unexampled perhaps in ancient or modern warfare. The United troops, unacquainted with the trumpet's note, and enveloped by the smoke which prevented a distinct view of the hurried movements in the British line, mistook the sounded retreat for the signal of charge, and shrinking, as they conceived from the advance of fresh numbers, fled with precipitation in a southerly direction from the town, while the British were as rapidly evacuating it on the north.

This unfortunate circumstance led to the total defeat of the United army. A British regiment of cavalry, the 22d Light Dragoons, who had borne no active part in the operations of the day, charged the flying troops of Monroe, while the infantry, recovering from their panic, joined in the pursuit. Monroe, whose courage and resolution never deserted him, endeavoured to rally his men, and gained the hill of Ednevady, his former position. Here he halted, formed, and presented his feeble line to the enemy, who were now encompassing the hill in all directions; one point only remained unoccupied, where the extending base, too wide to be encircled, afforded an opening for retreat. Through this Monroe, now abandoned by fortune, led off the last division, scarcely mustering a hundred and fifty men. Numbers fell in the retreat. The British never gave quarter, which accounts for the circumstance that few or no prisoners were made.

Amongst those who perished on this occasion was a young and interesting female, whose fate has been so feelingly recorded in the poetic strains of our distinguished countrywoman, Miss Balfour. Many were the romantic occurrences of a similar nature at this unfortunate period, but none perhaps more deserving of our sympathy

than the interesting subject of the present incident. The men of Ards were distinguished for their courage and discipline, and their division bore a full share in the disasters of the day. In this division were two young men remarkable for their early attachment and continued friendship. They were amongst the first to take up arms, and from that moment had never been separated. They fought side by side, cheering, defending, and encouraging each other, as if the success of the field solely depended on their exertions. Monroe had assigned on the 12th a separate command to each, but they entreated to be permitted to conquer or perish together. One had an only sister; she was the pride of a widowed mother, the loved and admired of their village, where to this hour the perfection of female beauty is described as it approximates in resemblance to the fair Elizabeth Grey. She had seen her brother and his friend march to the field: she had bidden the one adieu with the fond affection of a sister, but a feeling more tender watched for the safety of the other. Every hour's absence rendered separation more painful; every moment created additional suspense. She resolved to follow her brother—her lover—to the field. The fatal morn of the 13th had not yet dawned when she

reached Ednevady heights. The troops of the Union were in motion. She joined the embattled ranks. The enthusiasm of love supported her through the perils of the fight, but borne down in the retreat, she fell in the indiscriminate slaughter, while her brother and her lover perished by her side.

The town of Ballynahinch was pillaged and fired. So intent were the British troops on plunder, that many fugitives escaped the slaughter to which they must otherwise have fallen victims. Subsequent courts-martial however afforded an ample scope for the indulgence of the sanguinary passions. The brave Monroe was one of their first victims. Two days after the battle his place of concealment was discovered; his person was soon identified; nothing further was wanting. He knew the fate that awaited him. With a quick but a firm step and undaunted composure he ascended the scaffold, evidently more desirous to meet death than to avoid it. He was executed in the thirty-first year of his age, at the front of his own house, where his wife, his mother, and sister resided. His head was severed from his body, and exhibited upon the market-house on a pike, so situated as to be the first and the last object daily before the eyes of his desolate family.

Immediate dispersion followed the defeat of the United forces at Ballynahinch, after which no further attempt was made to raise the standard in Ulster; but a cessation of hostilities produced no cessation of suffering. Every breeze wafted over fresh troops from England,—every tide bore new raised levies from her shores;—regiment followed regiment in succession, until Ireland presented the appearance of one vast encampment. Commerce, manufactures, and husbandry were suspended, while the country seemed to have exchanged a rural for a military population. Vast numbers of the people were hourly dragged to prison or hurried before military tribunals, when the angry passions left little room in the human breast for the exercise of justice or mercy. To shelter a friend in misfortune, or to sympathize in his sufferings, was to participate in his offence *. The people

* The proclamations of the British colonel, Derham, to the inhabitants of Belfast are descriptive of the military despotism of the period:—

" . . . . And shall it be found hereafter that said traitor has been concealed by any person or persons, or by the knowledge or connivance of any person or persons of this town and its neighbourhood, or that they or any of them have known the place of his concealment and shall not have given notice thereof to the commandant of this town, such person's house will be *burnt* and the owner thereof *hanged*."

" This is to give notice, that if any person is taken up by

were called on to surrender their arms and deliver up their leaders, and threatened with military vengeance for non-compliance. The surrender of arms was sometimes made as a peace-offering, but it was vain to propose to the people to deliver up their leaders; such proposals were uniformly received with that feeling of indignation which an act of treachery never fails to excite in the Irish breast. The reply of M'Cracken's little band to the offers of Clavering expresses the confidence and attachment that existed between the leaders and the people. I knew a brave and a noble-minded man in the humble walks of life,—and his sentiments were the general sentiments of the people,—who, when pressed to give information against a gentleman proscribed by the government, with an assurance of protection and reward on the one hand, and an increase of torture for non-compliance on the other, extending his arms, which were heavily manacled, and exhibiting the irons which had deeply corroded the flesh, "I will wear these", said he, "until they shall pene-

the patroles after ten o'clock, he will be fined five shillings, for the benefit of the poor. If the delinquent is not able to pay five shillings, he will be brought to a drum-head court-martial, and will receive *one hundred lashes!*"

"JAMES DERHAM,

"COLONEL-COMMANDANT."

trate to the marrow of the bone, before I become a *traitor.*"

The movements of Ulster had been regarded by the Irish government with a fearful anxiety, and their suppression was an object of the deepest importance; it enabled them to direct their attention to the south, and to the west where they had a new and unlooked for enemy shortly to encounter. The subjugation of Ulster may therefore be considered as decisive for the adoption of that measure which was wrung from Ireland in the hour of her distress, and could never have been accomplished but through the distractions of the country. Had the government withheld the torch, the gibbet, and the scourge, Ireland would not have witnessed the horrors of a civil contest, and the number of brave men who perished on each side would have added to the strength and the security of the realm.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

ORIGINAL DECLARATION OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

In the present great æra of reform, when unjust governments are falling in every quarter of Europe; when religious persecution is compelled to abjure her tyranny over conscience; when the rights of man are ascertained in theory, and that theory substantiated by practice; when antiquity can no longer defend absurd and oppressive forms against the common sense and common interests of mankind; when all government is acknowledged to originate from the people, and to be so far only obligatory as it protects their rights and promotes their welfare; we think it our duty, as Irishmen, to come forward and state what we feel to be our heavy grievance, and what we know to be its effectual remedy.

We have no National Government,—we are ruled by Englishmen, and the servants of Englishmen, whose object is the interest of another country, whose instrument is corruption, and whose strength is the weakness of Ireland; and these men have the whole of the power and patronage of the country as means to seduce and to subdue

the honesty and the spirit of her representatives in the legislature. Such an extrinsic power, acting with uniform force, in a direction too frequently opposite to the true line of our obvious interests, can be resisted with effect solely by *unanimity, decision, and spirit in the people*, —qualities which may be exerted most legally, constitutionally, and efficaciously, by that great measure essential to the prosperity and freedom of Ireland,—*An equal representation of all the people in Parliament.*

We do not here mention as grievances, the rejection of a place-bill, of a pension-bill, of a responsibility-bill, the sale of peerages in one house, the corruption publicly avowed in the other, nor the notorious infamy of borough traffic between both; not that we are insensible to their enormity, but that we consider them as but symptoms of that mortal disease which corrodes the vitals of our constitution, and leaves to the people, in their own government, but the shadow of a name.

Impressed with these sentiments, we have agreed to form an association, to be called "*The Society of United Irishmen*"; and we do pledge ourselves to our country, and mutually to each other, that we will steadily support, and endeavour by all due means, to carry into effect the following resolutions:—

First, Resolved. That the weight of English influence in the government of this country is so great as to require a cordial union among *all the people of Ireland*, to maintain that balance which is essential to the preservation of our liberties, and the extension of our commerce.

Second. That the sole constitutional mode by which this influence can be opposed, is by a complete and ra-

dical reform of the representation of the people in parliament.

Third. That no reform is practicable, efficacious, or just, which shall not include *Irishmen of every religious persuasion.*

Satisfied, as we are, that the intestine divisions among Irishmen have too often given encouragement and impunity to profligate, audacious and corrupt administrations in measures which, but for these divisions, they durst not have attempted, we submit our resolutions to the nation as the basis of our political faith.

We have gone to what we conceive to be the root of the evil; we have stated what we conceive to be the remedy. With a parliament thus reformed, every thing is easy; without it, nothing can be done. And we do call on, and most earnestly exhort our countrymen in general to follow our example, and to form similar societies in every quarter of the kingdom, for the promotion of constitutional knowledge, the abolition of bigotry in religion and politics, and the equal distribution of the rights of men through all sects and denominations of Irishmen. The people, when thus collected, will feel their own weight, and secure that power which theory has already admitted to be their portion, and to which, if they be not aroused by their present provocations to vindicate it, they deserve to forfeit their pretensions *for ever!*

No. II.

At a Meeting of the Northern Whig Club, held at Belfast on the 16th of April, 1790, Gawin Hamilton, Esq. in the Chair, the following Resolutions and Address were agreed to :—

Resolved unanimously. That when an unmasked and shameless system of ministerial corruption manifests an intention to sap the spirit, virtue, and independence of parliament, it is time for the people to look to themselves.

Resolved unanimously. That if the people have a due regard to their essential rights and interests, if they reflect that the arch of constitution was cemented with the blood of their ancestors, or consider themselves trustees for millions unborn, they will steadily oppose so ruinous and execrable a system; if they do not, instead of glorying in that independence which they so lately with efficacy vindicated, they must soon sink into the most ignominious slavery.

Resolved unanimously. That our respectful address to the electors of Ireland, together with these resolutions, the toasts of the day, and a list of the members of this club, be published.

TO THE ELECTORS OF IRELAND.

The third estate of parliament no longer exists. The power of regenerating it reverts to you; and never was a

wise, a faithful, a *spirited* use of that power more loudly called for. The corrupt support given in the late session, by placed and pensioned majorities without pretension to argument, decency, or ability, to an administration equally destitute of them all, in measures avowedly hostile to the rights, liberties, and prosperity of this country, proclaims your danger, points out your defence, and challenges your best exertions. In the name of your country then, we call upon you to support the rights of Ireland, to exert the important privileges of freemen at the ensuing election, and to proclaim to the world that you deserve to be free. Guard your share in the legislature, as the great distinction between our constitution and a tyranny. Preserve it equally from the inroads of the crown and of the aristocracy.

Where a representative has proved faithful, renew the trust; where he has bartered his duty for emoluments, either for himself or for his retainers, reject him with disdain; and amongst new candidates support those, and those only, whose characters place them above suspicion, and give a just ground for confidence.

Regard not the threats of landlords and their agents when they require you to fail in your duty to your country, to yourselves, and to your posterity.

The first privilege of man is the right of judging for himself, and now is the time for you to exert that right.

Let no individual neglect his duty. The nation is an aggregate of individuals, and the strength of the whole is composed of the exertions of each part; the man, therefore, who omits what is in his power, because he has not *more* in it, stands accountable for confirming and entail-

ing slavery on the land which gave him birth. As an upright house of commons is *all* that is wanting, do your duty to your country by endeavouring to create one; and let no consideration tempt you to sacrifice the public to a private tie—the greater duty to the less.

We entreat you, in the name of your insulted nation; we implore you by every social and honourable tie; we conjure you as citizens, as freemen, as *Irishmen*, to exclude from the representative body that herd of slaves, who have dared to barter your dearest rights and most essential interests for their private gain. The illustrious minority of the last session have acquitted themselves in a manner seldom equalled. It remains for you to do your duty to yourselves. If you are not satisfied with a house of commons in which the voice of the nation is with difficulty to be heard—with a majority of that house returned by rotten boroughs, and filled, through ministerial profligacy, with 104 pensioned hirelings,—if you do not wish to countenance corruption—if you desire to guard the treasure of the public from the rapacity of English viceroys—if you do not wish the fountain of nobility contaminated by the sale of the honors of one house for the purpose of bribing the other, and to see a police-ruffian stand centinel at every man's door in the land,—you will propose the following questions by deputations of electors, and on the very hustings to every gentleman who offers himself for the trust of representing you in parliament; and you will not hesitate to reject the claim of any man, however great his rank or extensive his connexions, who shall not unequivocally pledge himself to support the following salutary and necessary measures:—

"Will you regularly attend your duty in parliament,

and be governed by the instructions of your constituents? Will you, in and out of the house, with all your ability and influence, promote the success of a bill for amending the representation of the people? A bill for preventing pensioners from sitting in parliament, or such placemen as cannot sit in the British house of commons? A bill for limiting the number of placemen and pensioners, and the amount of pensions? A bill for preventing revenue officers from voting or interfering at elections? A bill for rendering the servants of the crown of Ireland responsible for the expenditure of the public money? A bill to protect the personal safety of the subject against arbitrary and excessive bail, and against the stretching of the power of attachment beyond the limits of the constitution? And will you, as far as in you lies, prevent any renewal of the police act?"

Those who shall for a moment hesitate to enter into such an agreement with their electors, cannot be faithful servants of the public, nor deserve the countenance of an honest man.

Resolved unanimously. That we will not vote for, nor support any candidate who shall not solemnly and publicly pledge himself to the measures recommended to the electors of Ireland in the preceding Address.

Signed (by order)
GAWIN HAMILTON, PRESIDENT.
A. HALIDAY, SECRETARY.

The following are a few of the names of the original members of the Northern Whig Club:—

LORD CHARLEMONT.
LORD DE CLIFFORD.
LORD MOIRA.
RIGHT HON. JOHN O'NIELL (LORD O'NIELL.)
RIGHT HON. H. L. ROWLEY.

Archibald Hamilton Rowan.	Eldred Pottinger.
Hon. Robert Stewart (Lord Castlereagh.)	William Brownlow.
	Savage Hall.
William Todd Jones.	William Sharman.
Hon. E. Ward.	John Forbes.
Hon. R. Ward.	Richard J. Ker.
Hon. H. Rowley.	E. J. Agnew.

The following were among the toasts of the day:—

"President Washington, and the United States of America."

"A happy establishment to the Gallic Constitution."

"Freedom to the Brabanters."

"Our Sovereign Lord, the People."

No. III.

THE TRIAL OF HUGH WOLLAGHAN FOR THE MURDER OF THOMAS DOGHERTY.

Proceedings of a General Court Martial held in the Barracks of Dublin, on Saturday, Oct. 13, 1798, by order of Lieut.-Gen. Craig.

Colonel EARL of ENNISKILLEN, President.

Major Brown, R. I. D.	Captain Irwin, R. I. D.
Captain Onge, R. I. D.	Captain Carter, R. I. D.
Captain Leslie. Fermanagh.	Lieutenant Summers, 68th.

Joseph Atkinson, Esq. D. J. Advocate.

The court being met and duly sworn, proceeded to the trial of Hugh Wollaghan, of Middleton, in the county of Wicklow, yeoman, charged with having, on the first of October inst.* come to the house of Thomas Dogherty, and did then and there shoot and kill the said Thomas Dogherty, to which he was encouraged by Charles Fox and James

* A period *subsequent* to the cessation of hostilities,

Fox of the aforesaid county, yeomen; and the said James Fox is likewise charged with having discharged a loaded gun at Margaret Barry, of Delgany, on the first of October inst. The prisoner being duly arraigned, pleaded Not guilty.

Mary Dogherty, of Delgany, in the county of Wicklow, sworn.

Q. Do you know the prisoner at the bar?—A. I do.

The witness deposed, that on Monday week the prisoner, Hugh Wollaghan, came into her house at Delgany, and demanded if there were any bloody rebels there; that on deponent's answering there was not, only a sick boy, the prisoner Wollaghan asked the boy if he was Dogherty's eldest son; upon which the boy stood up and told him he was; Wollaghan then said, "Well, you dog, if you are, you die here"; that the boy replied, "I hope not; if you have any thing against me, bring me to Mr. Latouche, and give me a fair trial, and if you get any thing against me, give me the severity of the law;" that Wollaghan replied, "No, you dog, I don't care for Latouche, you are to die here;" upon which the deponent said to Wollaghan (he then having the gun cocked in his hand) "for the love of God, spare my child's life, and take mine;" that Wollaghan replied, "no, you bloody w——, if I had your husband here, I would give him the same death." He then snapped the gun, but it did not go off; he snapped it a second time, but it did not go off; upon which a man of the name of Charles Fox, but not either of the prisoners at the bar, came in and said, "damn your gun, there's no good in it;" and that the said Fox at the same time said to Wol-

laghan, that that man (pointing to deponent's son) must be shot; that deponent then got hold of Wollaghan's gun, and endeavoured to turn it from her son, upon which the gun went off, grazed her son's body, and shot him in the arm; the boy staggered—leaned on a form—turned up his eyes and said, "Mother, pray for me." That on Wollaghan's firing the gun, he went out at the door, and in a short time returned in again, and said, "is not the dog dead yet?" the deponent replied, "oh yes Sir, he is dead enough;" upon which Wollaghan replied, (firing the gun at him again), "for fear he is not, let him take this." Depoñent was at that instant holding up her son's head, when he fell—and died.

Q. Who was in the house at this time?—A. Esther Dogherty, sister to the deceased, was in the house when the first shot was fired, and then went away; another sister, Mary Dogherty, was in the house when Wollaghan first came in, but left it before the gun was fired by him. The prisoner, James Fox the elder, was outside the door with a gun, but took no act or part, as far as I could see, in the business; the prisoner James Fox, I have nothing to allege against.

Cross-examined.

Prisoner to witness.—Were not your husband and other son concerned in the rebellion?—A. I can't tell.

Q. Don't you believe your son was killed at Dunboyne, fighting the king's forces?—A. He was not; he is now alive and working at his trade.

Q. Don't you believe your deceased son was a rebel, and engaged in the battle of Dunboyne against the king's forces?—A. I do not; he has been accused of it.

Q. Did you ever hear that deceased was taken prisoner as a rebel?—A. He was taken as a rebel, as I suppose, and was afterwards put on board a ship lying in the river, where he was sick, and was got off by Lord Cornwallis's orders, through Mrs. Latouche, and put into the navy hospital.

Q. Do you recollect seeing this paper before? (shewing the witness a manuscript song.)—A. I never did to the best of my knowledge.

Q. Where is your husband, and how long has he been from home?—A. He is now in Dublin, working at his trade of brogue-making, but he was reaping at home, at Delgany, a month before this.

Q. When did you last see your son whom you now say is living?—A. Three months ago, at Newtown Park, working at his trade of brogue-making.

Q. Did you ever hear of any quarrel or dispute between your son and the prisoner Wollaghan?—A. I never did.

Esther Dogherty, sister to the deceased, being examined as to the same points as her mother, gave similar evidence.

Margaret Barry being called upon and duly sworn, informed the court that she had nothing to say against James Fox or any of the prisoners at the bar.

The prosecution being closed and the prisoner, Hugh Wollaghan, being called to his defence, called on Richard Byrne, a private in the Wallace fencibles, who was duly sworn.

Prisoner to Byrne.—Did you know the deceased, Thomas Dogherty, his father, and brother?—A. I did.

Q. Have you any and what reason to think they were rebels, and did you see any of them exercise as such?

A. Yes, I have seen them exercise with poles or pikes at Mr. Johnson's fields at Killencarrig, four miles beyond Bray, in the beginning of last spring.

Q. Did any, and which of them, apply to you to join them as rebels?—A. Thomas Dogherty, the man that is dead, asked me why I was not in among the body? "What body?" said I;—upon which he said, "I'll leave you as you are."

Q. Where did you find this paper?—A. This paper came out of the pocket of Dogherty's mother; in the church-yard at Delgany, the day on which the coroner's inquest sat on the body of her deceased son, I picked it up, conceiving it to be a bank-note; but finding there was no stamp on it, I shewed it to a friend, as I can't read myself, and he told me it was a damned good thing; and the first time I saw Captain Gore, who commands the Newtown Mount-Kennedy yeomanry, I gave it to him.

Q. When did you give it to him?—A. That day.

Q. Where do you live?—A. This month past at the rendezvous in Kevin Street, where I have been since I enlisted, except the time I went to Delgany.

Q. Where did you live before?—A. At Killencarrig, as a servant to a widow; and I was there near ten months.

Q. How far is Killencarrig from Delgany?—A. About half a mile.

Captain Gore was called and sworn, who deposed that he got the paper alluded to from the witness Byrne.

Edward Weyman, a private of the Newtown-Mount-Kennedy yeomanry, was sworn.

Prisoner to Weyman.—Did you know the Doghertys.

and were any, and which of them, reputed rebels?—A. I did, and the three were reputed as such.

Q. Did the mother of deceased give you any furniture to keep? and what expressions did she make use of on that occasion?—A. She did; she sent her daughter to me just after the Ancient Britons had been at Delgany, and requested that she might leave some leather and other articles in a sack at my house, which I consented to, and she sent them accordingly, and I kept them a month after the action at Mount-Kennedy; she offered them to me for sale, and when I pointed out the mischief that arose from the rebellion, she, with her hands lifted up, cursed the authors of it and said, that it brought ruin on herself and family, and that she had not seen her husband and sons for some time back. This conversation took place about the beginning of June.

The prisoner requested the indulgence of the court-martial until Monday to proceed with his defence, and the court accordingly adjourned.

Monday, Oct. 15th.—The court met pursuant to adjournment.

Thomas Vicars, esq. sworn.

Prisoner.—Do you know, and by what means Thomas Dogherty was liberated and returned to the county of Wicklow, and for what was he confined?—A. I understood that he had been taken in arms against the king's forces in the county of Westmeath,—was tried by a court-martial of the Carlow militia, and was sent to one of the guard-ships in the river Liffy to be transported; but by the intervention of Mrs. Latouche to Mrs. Cooke and General Cradock, was liberated.

Q. Do you know if Dogherty had any protection, and from whom?—A. I don't know that he had, nor did I ever hear of his having one.

Q. Do you know if he took the oath of allegiance after he was liberated?—A. I don't know that he ever did.

Court.—Do you know if he had been guilty of any act of rebellion since his release?—A. I don't know of any.

Isaac Sutton, of Rathdum, county of Wicklow, sworn.

Prisoner.—Did you know the late Thomas Dogherty?—A. I did; I was taken prisoner by the rebels near Roundwood, in the county of Wicklow, about the month of May last, and he was one of the guard over me, for I heard his name called Thomas Dogherty, and he answered to the name, and that he was a brogue-maker at Delgany.

Q. Did you know Dogherty before you were taken prisoner, or did you see him since you got away from the rebels?—A. No.

Q. How do you know that it is the same Thomas Dogherty that was shot?—A. It struck me that it was the same when I heard of his death, but I don't know that it is the same.

George Kennedy, Corporal of the Mount-Kennedy Yeomen, sworn.

Prisoner.—Do you know Captain Armstrong; in what district did he command; and do you know of any general orders, and when were they given?—A. I do know Captain Armstrong of the King's County Militia, who commanded at Mount-Kennedy before and after Dog-

herty was shot; in consequence of the enormities and murders committed in that neighbourhood by day and night, the general orders given by him were, that any body of yeomanry going out, he would wish them not less than nine or ten for their own safety; and if they should meet with any *rebels* whom they knew, *or suspected to be such*, that they need not be at the trouble of bringing them in, but to *shoot them on the spot.* This order was before Dogherty was killed, the witness communicated this to the corps, and is very certain in the hearing of the prisoner Wollaghan.

Q. Do you know of any party of your corps being ordered out on the 1st of October last for the purpose you mention, and by whose orders did they go out on that day?—A. I don't recollect any thing about it, as I was confined to my bed on that day.

Q. Do you know me; what is my general character as to sobriety and regularity in the corps?—A. I have known you upwards of nine months in the corps, and I have known you during that time to be a sober, faithful, and *loyal* yeoman; and not degrading the rest of the corps; one of the best in it.

Q. Was it not the practice of the corps to go out on scouring parties, without orders, to protect their own property and that of their neighbours?—A. I always looked upon it as an order and practice of the corps, particularly after what Captain Armstrong had mentioned.

Q. Would you yourself, from his character and the orders you received, have thought yourself justified to shoot him?—A. Yes; I certainly would.

Q. In any parties you have been with the prisoner did

you ever see him commit any act of cruelty or show any inclination to it?—A. No; I never saw him do any thing but what was his duty.

John Fox, of Newtown Mount-Kennedy Corps, sworn.

N.B. This evidence corroborated that of Kelly's, the questions being the same.

Serjeant Nathaniel Hayes, of the Newtown Mount-Kennedy Yeomen, sworn.

Deposed that he knew the prisoner four months in the corps, and that he always behaved as a sober, *loyal*, brave man, and good subject.

Prisoner.—Do you know of any general orders issued to the corps, and by whom?—A. I do; Captain Armstrong, of the King's County Militia, said in my hearing that he would *shoot or hang any rebels whom he suspected*, and told the people under his command to do the same; this order was issued before Thomas Dogherty's death, and I should consider myself authorized to do so, under that order.

Lieutenant William Tomlinson, of the Rathdrum Yeoman Cavalry, sworn.

Prisoner.—What were the orders issued to your corps, and those in your vicinity, respecting the rebels?—A. It was generally understood, that orders were given to the corps not to bring in prisoners, but to shoot any that were known to be rebels.

Q. Do you recollect when these orders were understood to have come out, and by whom they were issued?

—A. I do not know who they came from, but they came out after the attack at Arklow.

Lieutenant George Anderiv, of the Newtown Mount Kennedy Yeomen, sworn.

And deposed that he has known the prisoner particularly upwards of ten years, that he is a good *loyal* subject and ready at all hours to do his duty, and that he never knew him cruel; on the contrary, never saw him act inhumanly. That since the death of Dogherty he attended parade until apprehended for this charge.

Captain Archer, of same corps, sworn.

Deposed he knew the prisoner since he was a child, and that he worked for him in his profession, a mason, and always found him a sober and diligent man, and since his being a yeoman, ready to obey his officers, and looked on him to be an acquisition to his corps.

Lieutenant Richard Gore, same corps, sworn.

Who deposed that he has known the prisoner since the attack at Newtown; he was always obedient to his officers, and rather leaned to the side of mercy than not; part of the corps marched against the rebels, and the prisoner, particularly, shewed his promptitude, zeal, and courage on that occasion.

Captain Gore, sworn.

Deposed that he has known the prisoner about four months, and that he was one of attendants on his duty as a yeoman, and that he knew him to be a *loyal* and brave soldier, and never knew him to be guilty of any

act of inhumanity; and that it was the practice of the corps to scour the country without an officer; and verily believes they understood it was their duty *to shoot any rebels* they met with, or *suspected to be such*; and deponent has heard that other corps had similar directions in other districts.

Defence closed, and the prisoner's counsel read an address to the Court for the prisoner.

The prisoner was acquitted.

Dublin Castle, 18 Oct. 1798.

SIR,

HAVING laid before the Lord-Lieutenant the proceedings of a general court-martial, held by your orders in Dublin barracks, on Saturday the 13th inst., of which Colonel the Earl of Enniskillen is president, I am directed to acquaint you, that his Excellency entirely disapproves of the sentence of the above court-martial acquitting Hugh Wolloghan of a cruel and deliberate murder, of which, by the clearest evidence, he appears to have been guilty.

Lord Cornwallis orders the court-martial to be immediately dissolved—and directs that Hugh Wolloghan shall be dismissed from the corps of yeomanry in which he served; and that he shall not be received into any other corps of yeomanry in this kingdom. His Excellency further desires that the above may be read to the President and members of the court-martial in open court.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

H. TAYLOR, SEC.

To Lieutenant-General CRAIG, &c.

P.S. I am also directed to desire that a new court-martial may be immediately convened, for the trial of such prisoners as may be brought before them—and that none of the officers who sat upon Hugh Wolloghan be admitted as members.

THE END.

G. WOODFALL, Printer, Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.

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